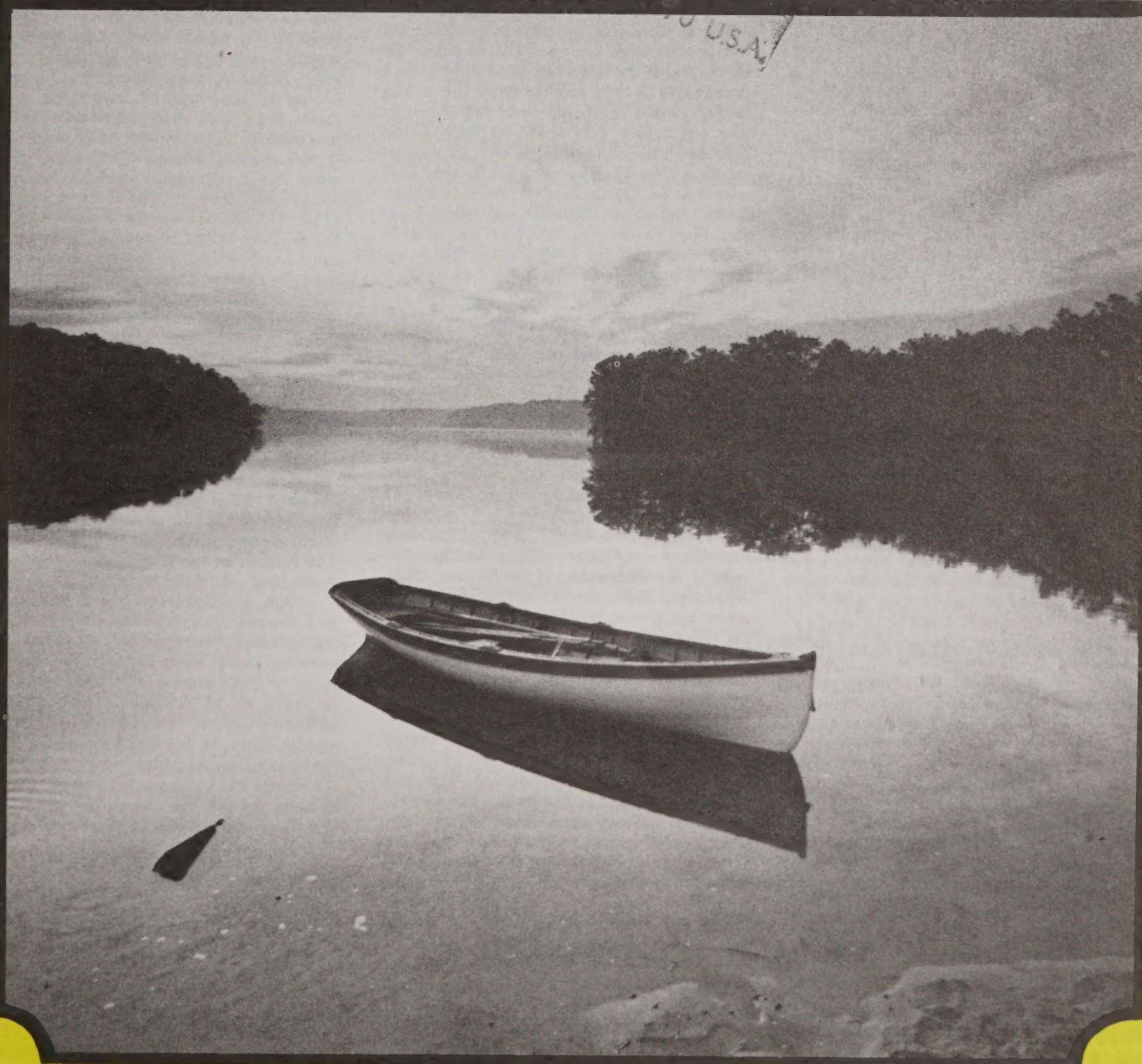




messing about in BOATS

Volume 12 - Number 6

August 1, 1994

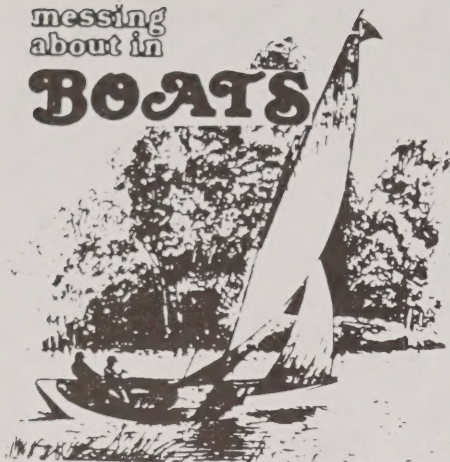


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Our Next Issue...

Will feature a lengthy saga by Ike Jeanes, "The Schooner, Sailboard & Scull...a Trinity for Joy & Contentment". This outstanding tale will be backed up by R. Joshua Sherman's poetic lament for a lost sloop, "Sea Lion", and Ruth Ellen and Charlie Pearsall's humorous tale, "There Ain't No Such Thing as a Free Launch". And David Hume's "Solo September Cruise -II" will continue that saga.

We'll get "Phil Green's Designs" into this issue, along with Peter Thompson's "TC-21 Cruising Catamaran", Glen L's "Sea Kayak", Phil Bolger's "Cabin Hawkeye" and Dave Carnell's comments on the Egret sharpie.

Richard Carsen describes how to build a budget skin kayak and the Milwaukee Maritime Center describes their ambitious project, "A Milwaukee Lake Schooner".

Stephen Dupont tells us about a failed experiment in "Forward Facing Sculling Doesn't Work", Robert Steward writes about Tite-Bond glue, reinforcing mast-head bolsters, and an unplanned 1,500 pound keel delivery. We'll begin a series of boatbuilding/fitting out essays from Scott White from his "An Amateur's Techniques" with "Boatwork".

"Alongshore" by John Stilgoe and "Voyages at Sea With Strangers" by Joan Skogan will be reviewed and safety writer Tom Shaw presents his essay, "Captain Be Advised".

On the Cover...

Another one of Barry Donahue's classic photos which seem to bring out the appeal of small boats so well graces this issue's front cover, not connected in any way with anything in this issue. I just liked the photo.

Commentary...

In the last issue I sort of promised a report on sailing on a Dick Newick transatlantic trimaran if the window of opportunity opened. The window involved the short period when the boat would be at Kittery Point, Maine where Dick lives, and Dick's and our schedule commitments. Well, it did open, and now it just may be that my life in boats is about to take yet another turn. I was "blown away" by this experience.

As Dick rowed us out to "Ocean Surfer" in his inflatable, he remarked with that twinkle in his eye on what a nice piece of work the sail cover was, black with large white lettering, "NEWICK" easily visible from afar. Dick is famous in the yacht design world for his multihulls, but has fought a half century battle to persuade traditional monohull sailors that multihulls are serious sailing craft. I guess it pleases him to see one of his creations so impressively displayed at rest with his name prominently shown.

"Ocean Surfer" is a 43 footer built in 1987 and raced in a transatlantic race in 1989. It has been subsequently converted into a somewhat cramped cruising boat by its owner in the interests of selling it to a potentially larger market than the ocean racing crowd. Perhaps somewhat like fitting out a late '80's Indy car with stereo tape deck, air conditioning, etc., to offer it up as a fast touring car. Well, this isn't quite fair to "Ocean Surfer", for it is luxuriously appointed within and does have standing headroom. It's just not a very wide main hull for a 43 footer, barely six feet I'd guess at the broadest beam. Dick views it as comfortable, if compact, for two on short cruises.

What the 43 feet provides is a long waterline length and platform for a pretty big rig, with two amas way out there some 12 feet or so on each side providing the great stability that permits this sort of boat to stand up to the wind and lose the least amount of its driving power. The main is fully battened on a swivelling air-foil shaped mast, and the jib we flew was a big genoa on a roller furling headstay. The amas provide, as Dick pointed out, a wide base for sheeting the main boom. In addition to the conventional multi-part mainsheet on a short traveler across the narrow stern, additional big winches on the cockpit sidedecks controlled additional mainsheets leading out to the rear tip of each ama and back, giving a "very wide sheeting base". Fine tune that main to the nth degree.

Well, this was, after all, a racing boat, now disguised in sheep's clothing. Still hard to disguise it though. The tiny cockpit way back at the stern tucked in behind the narrow companionway dodger, held five of us in knee-bumping proximity. Dick had invited along his non-sailing (except for a couple of outings with him) neighbors, along with Jane and I, so he had to do some stepping over and around the "crew" as he setup the rig while we dieselied out of the harbor through a million lobsterpots and multitude of other moored boats.

"I wish we had more wind", Dick muttered several times, it was blowing about 10 to 12 knots out of the southwest. Motorsailing out to the open ocean at the

entrance to the Piscataqua River it was hard to tell what sort of ride this was going to be, but once the diesel was shut down and we fell off a bit just beyond the outer light it soon became apparent. This would be a rush!

Dick had offered me the wheel, just to the left of the companionway dodger, and we settled onto a heading of 150 degrees, and "Ocean Surfer" settled into an onrushing forward progress over easy two to three foot swells quartering us from the starboard bow. The acceleration was instantly felt but once up to speed the sense of speed was harder to acquire until one looked at the water rushing past the lee ama, and realized the swiftness with which the lobsterpots ahead were upon us. Then turning aft to view astern, it sank in, we were flat moving. The wake was just like a powerboat wake, right behind the stern a mound of white water humped up as if from propwash and then the waves fanned away far, far back, drawing a broad V over the water we'd just crossed.

Meanwhile back at the helm, with Dick now satisfied with the rig's tuning, it was like being at the wheel of a fast car. Holding the wheel steady held the course steady, no rocking and rolling over the seas. Want to miss this fast coming up clump of lobsterpots? Just steer around them, sharp left, then sharp right back all in a swoop. Time to look at the knotmeter. It was running around 12-13 knots except when we'd take some serious lobsterpot avoidance, then it would drop off to 9 or 10. Occasional swells would break on the slightly lofted windward ama and wet the "crew" seated on the rear seat, but behind the dodger I had good protection and adequate visibility ahead.

There was nobody else around out there, now several miles offshore and pulling abeam of the Isles of Shoals off to our rights several miles to windward, so it was hard to gauge progress, but eventually Dick looked around and the Isles were now abaft the windward beam, so we jibed around and the wind went away. Well, not really. But at 12 knots on a close reach the 10 knot wind became an apparent 20+ knot breeze, so the silence when the wind went around to the stern was deafening. The wettest of the crew sighed with relief. And asked where the wind had gone.

"Oh, it's still there," Dick replied, and as I headed up and he trimmed in the rig, the speed picked right up again, and on a broader reach now, not so wet, but still back up there around 12 knots, and seeing as much as 14 at times. The vague and undistinguished coastline began to re-emerge from the haze and we picked up as landmarks the freighters at anchor off the river's mouth awaiting the top of the tide to head up the Piscataqua to Portsmouth. They grew larger and clearer very quickly.

This was a particularly pleasant tack, moving fast but with less water flying into the air off the windward ama's bow. And on so stable a platform, almost an autopilot situation at the helm.

As we closed on the river entrance, a number of 25-35 foot sloops and a Concordia yawl were coming out, while a small outboard skiff fussed around some buoys. The sign on the skiff read "PYC Race Committee" so a race must have been getting set up. As we passed by the outgo-

ing fleet, Dick looked around and then said, "I suppose it would be too obvious if we did a 180 and beat on back past them?" Ah, the racer in all sailors. It would have been the hawk amongst the chickens for sure.

"Well, Dick," I ventured to remark as we slowed down and toddled into the harbor more downwind at 4 or 5 knots, "this is some race boat. But hardly in my class as either a sailor or an owner."

Dick hadn't been trying to sell me the obviously costly boat (it isn't his boat, he just designed it), but rather he was

"selling" me on the exhilaration of multi-hull sailing. He's spent a lifetime trying to get this message across to the unbelievers. He had said before the only way to convince someone of the vast gulf in performance between multihull and monohull was to have them experience it. Words wouldn't do it, nor videotape even.

"A Tremolino 23 like I suggested would make up the bulk of my favorite five boat fleet (see June 1st issue) would be just as fast in these light winds today," Dick offered. "Ocean Surfer" was made for the big waters and big winds offshore, that's

where her real ability would appear. Today she had been barely at idling speed apparently. "You could even trailer the T-Gull version with its folding amas."

Has he planted the seed? Too early to tell. I guess I'll have to find someone with one of those Tremolinos to take me for a ride. Maybe just another fantasy that's detouring me already from earlier fantasies as yet unfulfilled. I really ought to finish something and get on the water with it, but still, that speed, that stability, that sense of flying on the surface of the sea. Hard to fight off.

MAJOR EVENTS NEXT TWO MONTHS:

AUGUST 4-7:

30th Annual Antique Boat Show @ Clayton, NY. The Antique Boat Museum, (315) 686-4104.

AUGUST 5-7:

Washburn Island Campout @ Falmouth, MA. Cape Cod Vikings, (508) 759-9786, (508) 378-2301.

AUGUST 6-7:

4th Annual New York Ship & Boat Model Festival @ New York, NY. South Street Seaport, (212) 669-9400.

AUGUST 11-14:

3rd Annual International Steamboat Muster @ Pawtucket, RI. Blackstone Valley Tourism Council, (401) 334-7773.

AUGUST 13:

17th Les Cheneaux Antique Wooden Boat Show @ Hessel, MI. Les Cheneaux Historical Ssocation, (906) 484-2821.

AUGUST 18-21:

Antique Race Boat Regatta @ Clayton, NY. The Antique Boat Museum, (315) 686-2628.

AUGUST 20-21:

3rd Annual Antique Marine Engine Exposition @ Mystic, CT. Mystic Seaport Museum, (203) 572-5315.

AUGUST 27-29:

21st Annual Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous @ Lake George, NY. Jean Hoffman, Box 666, Castaway Marina, Lake George, NY 12845.

SEPTEMBER 8-11:

New York In-The-Water Boat Show @ South Street Seaport, New York, NY. Jeffrey Holland, (410) 268-8828.

SEPTEMBER 9-11:

5th Annual New York Wooden Boat Festival @ New York, NY. South Street Seaport, (212) 669-9400.

SEPTEMBER 10:

Constitution Cup Regatta @ Edgewater Park, NJ. Philadelphia Maritime Museum, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 925-5439.

SEPTEMBER 11:

Riverfest Recboat Rowing Regatta @ Manchester, NH. Amoskeag Rowing Club, (603) 668-2130.

SEPTEMBER 15-18:

Newport International Boat Show @ Newport, RI. Newport Yachting Center, (401) 846-1600.

SEPTEMBER 16-18:

Charleston Maritime Festival @ Charleston, SC, (803) 723-1748.

SEPTEMBER 23-25:

21st Annual Nautical Research Guild Conference @ Manitowoc, WI. Manitowoc Maritime Museum, (414) 684-0218.

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Adirondack Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, Box 666 c/o Castaway Marina, Lake George, NY 12845. Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-4104.

Chesapeake Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, St. Michaels, MD, (302) 645-8686. Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, Havre de Grace, MD, (410) 939-4800.

Old Boats, Old Friends, Racine, WI, (414) 639-0061.

BOAT SHOWS

Annapolis Spring Boat Show, Annapolis, MD, (410) 268-8828. Newport International Boat Show, Newport, RI, (401) 846-1600.

New York In-The-Water Boat Show, New York, NY, (410) 268-8828.

Happenings

United States Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD, (410) 268-8828.

Wooden Boat Show, Brooklin, ME, (800) 225-5205.

CANOE CONSTRUCTION/RESTORATION

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT, (802) 586-7711.

CANOE EVENTS, ACTIVITIES & INSTRUCTION

ACA Canoe Sailing Committee, Green Lane, PA, (215) 453-9084.

Connecticut Canoe Racing Association, Preston, CT, (203) 889-9893.

Massachusetts Riverways Programs, Boston, MA, (617) 727-1614 XT360.

Merrimack River Watershed Council, W. Newbury, MA, (508) 363-5777.

New England ACA Canoeing, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.

Rhode Island Canoe Association, Pawtucket, RI, (401) 725-3344.

Sebago Canoe Club, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 331-0741.

Washington Canoe Club, 2111 Wisconsin Ave. NW, #315, Washington, DC 20007.

CLASSIC YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, Friendship, ME 04547.

Museum of Yachting, Newport, RI, (401) 847-1018.

Noank Wooden Boat Association, Noank, CT, (203) 536-4340.

Woodenboat Classic Regatta Series, Stonington, CT, (800) 959-3047.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Sail Newport, Newport, RI, (401) 846-1983.

MODEL BOATING

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, Charlestown, MA, (617) 846-3427.

MUSEUM EXHIBITIONS & EVENTS

Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-2628.

Cape Fear Museum, Wilmington, NC, (919) 341-4350.

Gloucester Schooner "Adventure", Gloucester, MA, (508) 281-8079.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, Havre de Grace, MD, (410) 939-4800.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401.

Maine Maritime Museum, Bath, ME, (207) 443-1316.

Manitowoc Maritime Museum, Manitowoc, WI, (414) 684-0218.

Michigan State University Museum, E. Lansing, MI, (517) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT, (203) 572-5028.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Beaufort, NC, (919) 728-7317.

Peabody-Essex Museum, Salem, MA, (508) 745-1876.

Philadelphia Maritime Museum, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 925-5439.

San Diego Maritime Museum, San Diego, CA, (619) 234-9153.

South Street Seaport Museum, New York, NY, (212) 669-9400.

ONE DESIGN SAILBOAT RACING

Town Class, Sharon, MA, (508) 668-5690.

PADDLING INSTRUCTION

Baer's River Workshop, Exeter, RI, (401) 295-0855.

L.L. Bean Paddling School, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 6666, Mon-Fri: 8-4:30.

PHYSICALLY CHALLENGED BOATING

Shake-A-Leg, Newport, RI, (401) 849-8898.

ROWING/PADDLING EVENTS

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, Old Lyme, CT, (203) 388-2343.

New England Interclubs, Hollis, NH, (603) 465-7920.

Riverfront Recapture, Hartford, CT, (203) 293-0131.

Amoskeag Rowing Club, Manchester, NH, (603) 668-2130.

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUTS

Midwest Messabouts, Lebanon, IL, (618) 537-2167.

Mississippi Messabouts, St. Paul, MN, (612) 222-0261.

Northwest Small Boat Messabout Society, Everett, WA, (206) 334-4878.

Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, San Diego, CA, (619) 569-5277.

STEAMBOAT EVENTS

"Steamboating", Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149.

Blackstone Valley Tourism Council, Providence, RI, (401) 334-7773.

TRADITIONAL BOATBUILDING & SEAMANSHIP INSTRUCTION

Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-4104.

Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, Basin harbor, VT, (802) 475-2022.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, Port Townsend, WA, (206) 385-4948.

Workshop on the Water, Philadelphia Maritime Museum, PA, (215) 925-5439.

"WoodenBoat" School, Brooklin, ME, (207) 359-4651.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT EVENTS & ACTIVITIES

Barneget Bay TSCA, Toms River, NJ, (908) 270-6786.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, Old Lyme, CT, (203) 434-2534.

Oregon TSCA, Lake Oswego, OR, (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, St. Leonard, MD, (410) 586-1893.

Potomac TSCA, Alexandria, VA, (703) 549-6746 eves.

Sacramento TSCA, Sacramento, CA, (916) 736-0650.

South Jersey TSCA, Cape May Courthouse, NJ, (609) 861-0018.

Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.

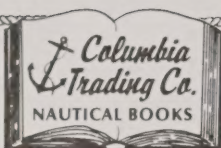
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, S. China, ME, (207) 445-3004.

TSCA of the Philadelphia Maritime Museum, New Britain, PA, (215) 348-9433.

TSCA of West Michigan, Stevensville, MI, (616) 429-5487.

Upper Chesapeake TSCA, Baltimore, MD, (410) 254-7957.

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, St. Paul, MN, (612) 222-0261.



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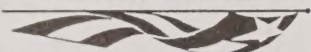
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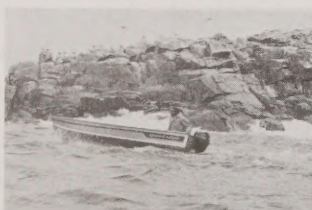
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BOOK REVIEW

"A Canoeist's Sketchbook"

By Robert Kimber

Chelsea Green Publishing Co., Post Mills, VT.

Reviewed by Ira Goldstein

Books of this type I've always enjoyed on a couple of levels. To start with, they must be entertaining. Learning something new, or honing a previously acquired skill, is naturally to be welcomed, but I don't read these books solely to achieve that end.

This is the type of book I like to curl up with in front of the fire, a book to bring out to the hammock on a warm spring day when dreaming of adventures to be is the order of the day. A book to be savored like a fine wine, for the images it evokes and the anticipation it creates.

It's also nice though, to learn a little something from one's efforts, and on this level, a book of this type should be able to impart some wisdom in an honest manner, without becoming preachy, and without making one feel that there's no point to even attempting the described activities, because the author has achieved perfection and we mortals shouldn't even attempt them.

On both levels, this book hits the mark.

This book is a collection of essays, arranged alphabetically by title. Because of this there is no order to the subject matter, the author flitting from the organization of supplies, titled; "Bags, Boxes, Baskets, Backpacks, and the Pursuit of Elegance", to fishing, titled; "Big Fish", and on down the alphabetical line to the inclusion of an essay simply titled Sex" (I will say nothing about this last chapter except that it is NOT an instructional!).

Mr. Kimber has hit on just about everything you'd imagine should be included in a canoeist's sketchbook and probably a few things you wouldn't imagine. In addition to the essay on sex, he spends a couple of pages describing persnickicks, about whom he writes, "One of the surest signs of a riverine persnick is what may appear to be a compulsive need to coil rope."

Other subjects include setting camp, tents, cooking food, paddling, sailing, spirits, and ill wind (no, not flatulence). There are three dozen essays in all, each of which captures a bit about wilderness canoeing and what makes it such a special activity.

I found all the essays enjoyable, and while some of what Mr. Kimber describes is just plain common sense, a lot of what he writes about added to my knowledge or gave me a different perspective on what's normally a taken for granted activity. His essay on the "North Woods Stroke" even taught me a new paddling stroke, which in a limited tryout seems to be very efficient.

If you're looking for a book that will both entertain and add to your canoeing and wilderness expertise, this is a book you'll certainly appreciate.

BOOK REVIEW

"The Complete Canvasworker's Guide"

Jim Grant

International Marine Publishing, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17294-0850.

224 Pages, 8-1/2"x11", Paperback, \$19.95.

Review by Jim Pope

"The Complete Canvasworker's Guide" is a book about what Jim Grant and his associates do every weekday; design, cut, and sew canvas (along with doing rolls of sailcloth). It is a book about you being able to take care of yourself, your boat, your crew and passengers when you are out in the middle of "only god knows where." The book is for people who have "neverdun-it" to become people who "did-it-all." "The Complete Canvasworker's Guide" not only guides you step by step thru sixteen specific projects, it also guides you to the confidence to start, continue, and finish these projects.

Jim Grant is one of the few authors with an (800) number (Sailrite Kits) to whom you can call and talk. He and his staff are ready to design and send the material, tools, and specific written directions for any project you conceive of whether it is in the book or not. In this sense "The Complete Canvasworker's Guide" is worth more than the words between the covers. Jim Grant is a fellow sailor, sailmaker, canvasworker who helps amateur canvasworkers every day. He knows what works for home sewers, sail lofts, and sailing vessels small and large.

"The Complete Canvasworker's Guide" is similar to an owner's manual for an automobile except that it covers the canvas of your boat. It contains the information on how to build or maintain sea anchors, awnings and enclosures, sail and ditty bags, biminis, boat covers, bosun's chairs, cushions and covers, dodgers (including how to make a paper pattern), flags and pennants, harnesses (super excellent), sail covers, spinnaker socks, tote bags, weathercloths and hatchcovers, and wind scoops.

I happen to know through dealing with Sailrite that the design for the safety harness was developed by Joy Lauffenburger, a customer of Sailrite and fellow cruiser. The plans and items detailed in the book have been developed and tested by people who love boating and making things themselves not just buying from Jim Grant. The book covers all the step by step folds, seams, and stitches for a project and doesn't assume you know something. It always cites the techniques that have worked best for the home builder.

If you want to save a bundle of money, have canvas on your boat that fits perfectly, and be able to repair your cloth without spending a fortune, "The Complete Canvasworker's Guide" is the book for you. I enjoyed reading all the projects, and it has made me sound like a pro when I'm around my sailing buddies.

Magazine Review

"The Boatman"

10 issues per year, £38 (\$57+) including surface postage (one month delivery).

Waterside Publications Ltd., PO Box 1992, Falmouth, Cornwall TR11 3RU, England. Credit cards accepted.

Reviewed by Dave Carnell

I have been an enthusiastic reader of "The Boatman" (U.K.) since its inception in 1992. Many of your readers might enjoy it, if they knew of it, so here is a review.

In 1991, Pete Greenfield and Jenny Bennett jumped ship from "Classic Boat" and started "The Boatman" with the objective of producing a commercially successful high quality magazine about small boats.

"The Boatman" is a top quality publication with many color photos and no advertising intruding into the editorial pages. Boats of any material are allowed so long as they are small and mostly sail-powered, with some exception made for steam, electric, and antique gas engines.

The May, 1994, issue is No. 14 and pretty typical as to range of articles.

The editorial concern is the EC Directive on Recreational Craft that appears a far greater threat than the Coast Guard proposals of some years back that sparked the Traditional Small Craft Association here (illustrated by a fine color photo of a lapstrake electric canoe).

John Leather has a feature article on

the history and development of the Nordic Folkbat (Folkboat), 10 pages with color photos, lines drawings.

There follow an article on "The Scraper" and one on painting titled "A Healthy Coat".

"Messing About on the River" is about building modern coracles in a boat-building course. Not your usual boat, but certainly a traditional small craft.

John Leather follows with "Far From The Log & Bush" in his admiration of the Bermudan rig. John is a regular contributor to "The Boatman" and an authority on traditional small craft sail rigs.

The fifth part of a building project, "Willy Winship", moves this flatiron skiff by John Atkin near completion. The boat was to be exhibited at the Wooden Boat Show at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, in early June. I'll not quibble that they omitted the "New" in New Jersey in the boat's description.

Book reviews and a sailing review of the Swallow 12 follow. Swallow boats are epoxied plywood lapstrake craft with no internal framing. You are not apt to order a boat or kit from England, but there are a lot of good boatbuilding ideas presented.

The restoration saga of "Maureen", a 28 ft. sloop with Seagull auxiliary is completed in this issue. Nat Wilson has an impressive background in restorations.

We did not hear much of it here, but a British group retraced Shackleton's voyage in a reproduction craft last January. "In The Wake of Shackleton" is the account of that voyage in a 23 ft. ship's boat. Earlier issues described the building of the "Sir

Ernest Shackleton". Ten pages of adventure illustrated as "National Geographic" might do it.

Fabian Bush tells how he designed and built his 20 ft. Blackwater Sailing Canoes "Rob Roy" and "BSC Mk II". A thorough account of the reasoning behind the boats.

The "Tradewinds" department features new products and will make you appreciate the far lower prices we pay for tools and supplies than our British cousins.

"Charles Dixon, "Painter of Lighters and Ladies" and reports from the British and foreign (mostly European) boating scene complete the 85 pages of editorial text.

Since "Small Boat Journal" went bellyup we have not had an equivalent magazine for the small boat sailor. "The Boatman" covers much of the ground and is a superior presentation.

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BLUEBERRY

by David D. Hume



Experiences designing, building and sailing a 20'3" gaffer. This handsome book is illustrated by the author's pen and ink drawings of the the boat and its environment, the south eastern Connecticut shoreline, Fishers Island Sound and the lower Connecticut River. Birds, fish and flowers were his companions on the water. His extended correspondence with Phil Bolger is a unique account of a collaboration between designer and client. This book will appeal to Bolger fans as well as readers brought up on *The Wind in the Willows*. It will be an inspiration to those who dream of building a pocket cruiser.

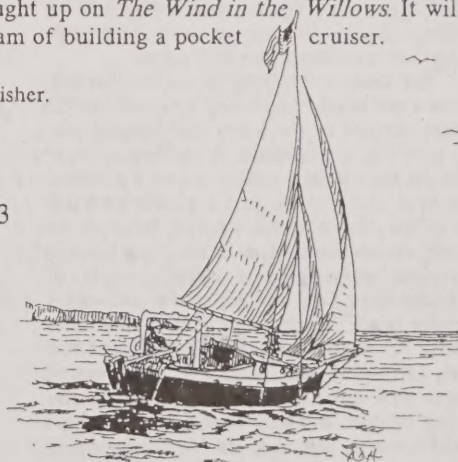
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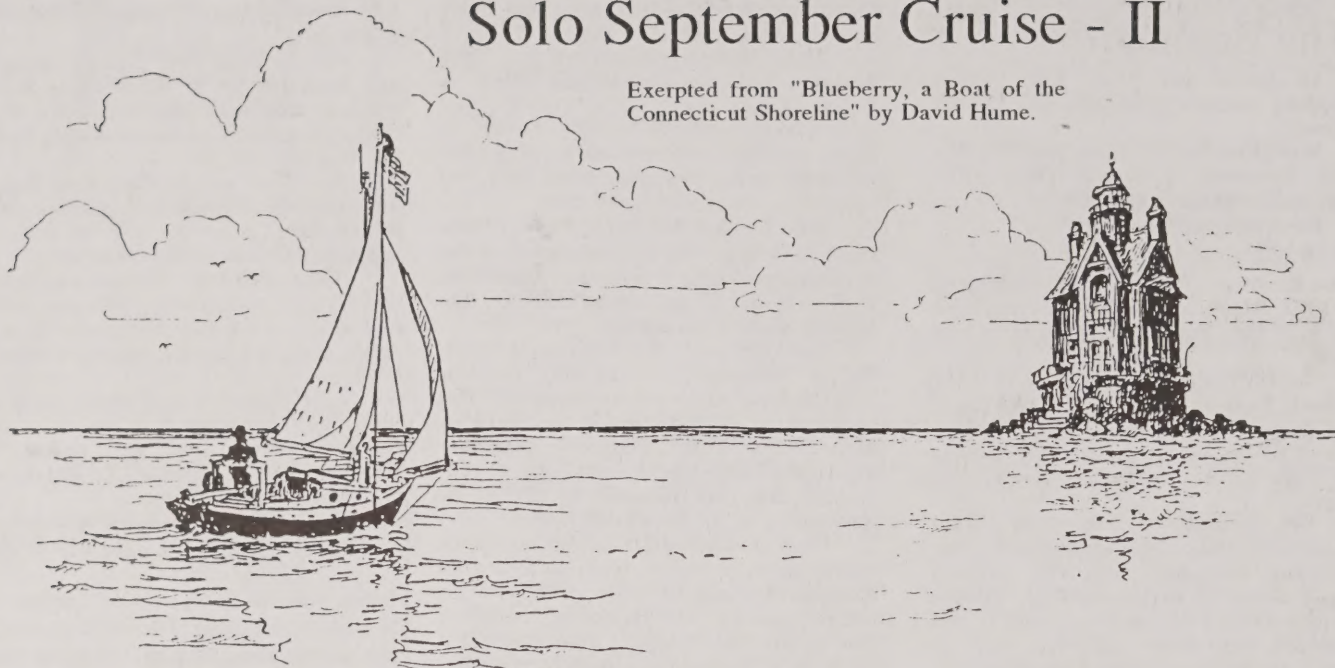
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Solo September Cruise - II

Excerpted from "Blueberry, a Boat of the Connecticut Shoreline" by David Hume.



New London and Groton are on hard chances now. Their economy is dominated by the Navy, the Coast Guard and the submarine industry. General Dynamics has stolidly refused to make any attempt to re-tool even a portion of Electric Boat and convert to some new non-bellucose form of industry, preferring to use surplus capital to bid up the price of their own stock. This keeps the shareholders happy and thus the management in their seats, but it does nothing for the out of work men fishing on the dock on a weekday morning.

As I repassed the huge shipyard on my way back down the river, it seemed to me that the place had a slack and discouraged look even where ships were actually being built. A few men moved about slowly among the rusting shapes and metal scaffolding of the ways, but there was very little movement in the yards and only one blue-flickering welder's spark showing from my vantage point. Maybe there is a lot of work going on inside the giant green sheds or in the interior of the partially completed Rhode Island. But if the exterior of the hull is finished now (and no one seems to be working further on it), I wondered why they don't give it a coat of paint. Possibly it is made of that steel-cum-copper alloy that is protected by its own coating of rust. Anyway, it looks as though things are winding down in Groton.

But then, as I headed down the channel, I saw a tall black tower atop a wrinkle in the glassy surface of the water that merged into the grey fog to the south. A modern submarine on the surface really doesn't produce any bow wave at all, just a gentle lumping up of the water at the sloping front of its nearly awash deck. Most of the great beast is invisible anyway, just twenty yards of rounded deck fore and aft of the sail and a slender black fin projecting from the water astern. An ensign on a portable flagstaff had been affixed to the aft end of the conning tower and three men were visible on the flying bridge. Another four crew members stood about on the deck aft. No one appeared to be doing much of anything and they studiously ignored the twenty-foot gaff cutter on their starboard hand.

"Blueberry" is seldom ignored by other vessels. Bow-spritted gaffers of our size with coal-scuttle deck houses, handkerchief-sized forestaysails, lazy jacks, runners and the like are unusual enough to require a glance or a wave, sometimes even an approving hand signal or thumbs up, and even on occasion a dive to the cabin to bring up the camera. Not the submariners. All stared straight upriver and though they passed about a hundred feet away, I detected no smile. I waved cheerily anyway. Their ship looked trim and quite able, made no wake to disturb my morning, and even gave promise that the rusty Leviathans on the beach at Electric Boat might someday look ship-shape in their turn.

The seriousness of the submarine's crew looked like the sort of thing one might expect on a training mission out of the big Navy Sub Base at Gales Ferry, up the Thames. At least they didn't look as though they were returning from a three month stay under the polar ice cap; no signs of anticipation, much less of jubilation among the riders of that black cigar.

An hour later I was sailing slowly before the wind off Groton Long Point watching the line of bearing on the Seaflower light tower intersect with North Dumpling. Progress was slow, but the hour was early and the temperature pleasant. My goal had been defined as the 12:15 opening on the Mystic River where Route US One crosses a splendid old bascule bridge between ice cream parlors, lemonade stands, pizza houses and other delicious accoutrements of a good tourist town.

I switched the tiny Loran over to the Course/Speed readout and eventually got a fairly consistent figure of 2.5 knots to the east. Considering a knot and half tide running against me, that worked out to something like four knots through the water which is about what it felt like. The breeze from the southwest had picked up a bit and, as always, my spirits improved with the wind. The day was a hazy sunny one. Public Radio was providing me J. S. Bach's Suite #3. A couple of small aircraft were practicing landing patterns at the Groton-New London Airport just north of me.

Bach was occasionally interrupted by the VHF rasping out Coast Guard reports of people in trouble. A Hobie Cat with two aboard was overdue since last night outside of Buzzards Bay, south of Westport Massachusetts. A forty foot power boat was burning in the water some ten miles south of Montauk. I was glad to be happily coming up towards Noank. One of the big party schooners out of Mystic passed me on its tourist trip out into Fisher's Island Sound. He was pursued by a launch, hove to for a moment, and then resumed his direction. I think he took on a late passenger.

Coming up towards Noank I passed Abbott's where the lobsters are served to be eaten at picnic tables along the dock front. The wind was fair for threading up the Mystic anchorage, around its various turns until the span of the railroad swing bridge was in sight. I came around south, into the wind, set up the autohelm, put the engine at idle, and dropped the sails to wait for the opening. The railroad span opened soon enough, but just as I was congratulating myself on perfect timing, I came up to the Route One bridge under power and was able to read the clearly lettered sign stating that the bridge opened at 15 minutes past the hours from 7 am to 6 pm except at 12:15!

I pulled over to the east shore of the channel where there was an unoccupied space at the dock next to a newly opened lemonade stand. The owner, a pleasant woman, provided me with a large cup of slush ice lemonade and an oddly colored hot dog with mustard but no sauerkraut. With better than an hour to kill, I explored downtown Mystic in search of another roll of film.

Mystic is a tourist town that is also a pleasant place to live, especially in the off-season. There are lots of city people with Bermuda length shorts and black ankle socks in the streets all summer long, their daughters in tight bicycle pants trimmed with a couple of inches of lace at mid-thigh. Their sons wear drooping khaki shorts above aggressively black, disproportionately large, high topped basketball sneakers, usually not fastened or tied. They walk with a sort of stoop and shuffle, as though they were a lit-

tle embarrassed at being related to their parents, or perhaps even to themselves. Late childhood is a miserable time. I felt like hugging a couple of the boys around the shoulders and telling them that things would get better in a few years. The girls seemed to be having more uninhibited fun just now.

The dock mistress on duty at the Mystic Seaport waved me into a slip among a number of those vacant at this season of the year. I tied up, flemished down sheets and hal-yards in case any tourists happened by to admire her, and left "Blueberry" to walk up past the shipyard into the Seaport Museum proper.

There are enough things going on at the Mystic Seaport so that it is sometimes hard to figure out just what the place is meant to be. It is a costumed mid-nineteenth century replica of a New England town filled with real boats and a good number of real houses, although a few are reproductions. It also sells lemonade, but from an older formula than the lady's down by the bridge. But the Seaport is also a museum and the staff has a passionate attachment to authenticity of material and design. Boats being built in the boat shop are done in old materials: that is there is no plywood in sight, but I suspect that some modern glues are occasionally used and a lot of the tools are shining examples of the newest power equipment. The style of dress on the young concessionaires is nicely from the 1840s, the period of the flagship of Mystic, the "Charles W. Morgan".

But some of the best small boats in the collection are Herreshoffs of the early part of this century and the second best vessel in the fleet, the "L.A.Dunton", was launched in 1921. I confess to being non-purist in my

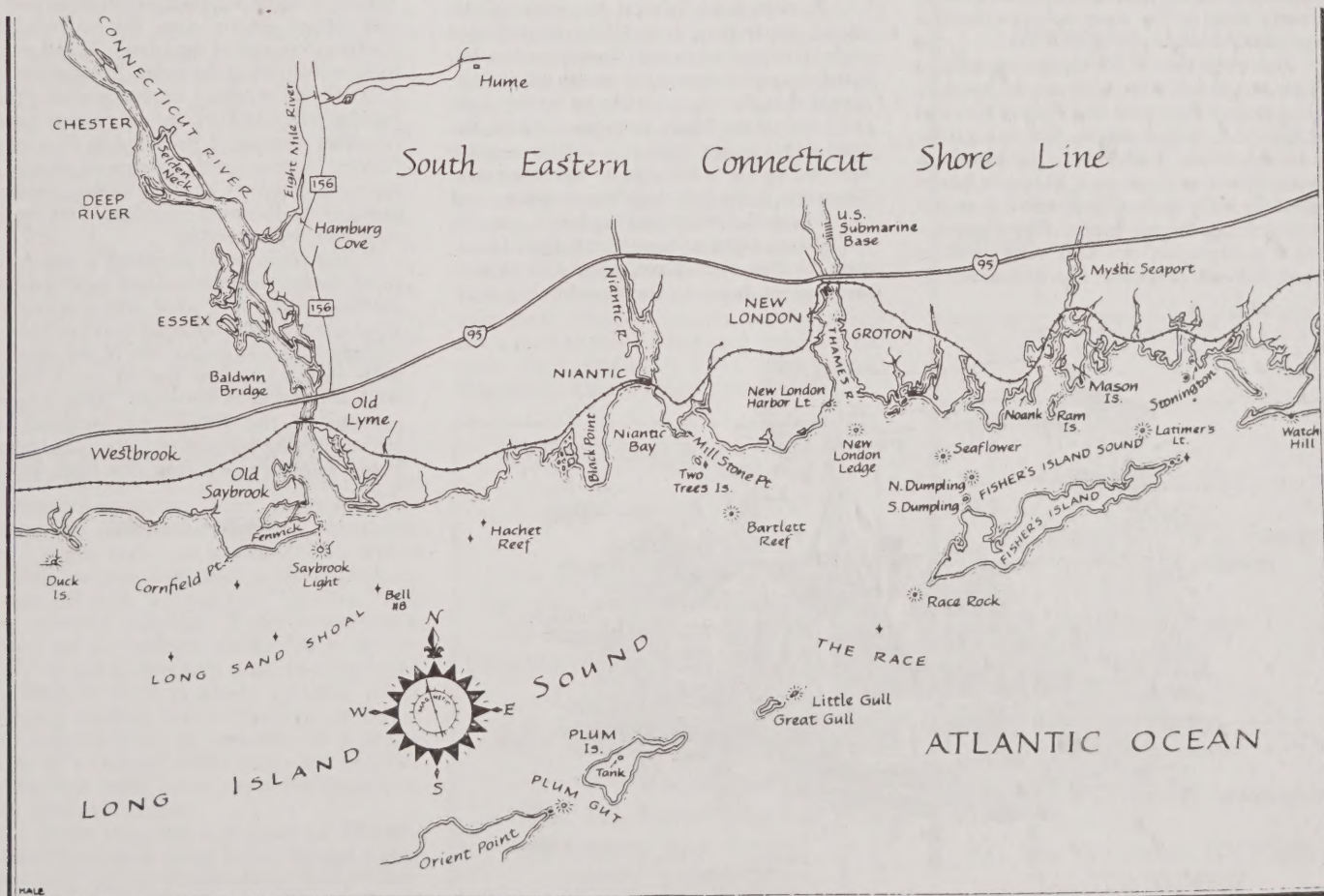
approach to such things and I rather liked the ungleaned attic quality of the Seaport a few years ago. I don't mourn the removal of the Japanese midget submarine found originally in Pearl Harbor, but the lifeboat in which some impossible number of survivors had spent two or three months at sea was one of my favorites.

They are currently sawing off the "pinkie" stem of a wooden boat because the vessel didn't have such originally. It was remodeled forty or fifty years ago, a discovery that was only made after the boat had been in the Seaport collection for several decades. I suppose that with the space for exhibiting things being limited, the most authentic should be shown to the public. The steel-hulled "Joseph Conrad" was originally called something else, but she made a romantic cruise under Allan Villiers and the earlier name was less illustrious and Danish, so the name plate hasn't been restored. The blacksmith hasn't taken to forging authentic toggle-headed harpoons; too complicated. Even the sailmaker has an electric-powered sewing machine that helped him get through the tough canvas work of putting a riding sail on "Florence", the little wooden Stonington dragger that is one of the newer additions to the fleet.

There is still plenty of stuff in the attic. One of the most authentic is a model of a fictional boat, Ratty's 14-foot Thames scull. My old friend Lois Darling spent the last few months of her life perfecting it right down to the detail of the luncheon basket with leather strap. She made the perfect little shallop in the traditional dollhouse scale of an inch to the foot, but crewed it with people-sized miniatures of the Rat in proper river garb of the Edwardian era and the Mole in his

landsman's waistcoat but with his tie off and his collar open for the warm spring day. The boat was for a time in the Children's Museum in a nicely accessible location, but later it was put away and the curators haven't found a permanent place for it. I hope they will. So many yachtsmen and women learned first of the delights of messing about in boats from that lovely little craft in "The Wind in the Willows" that it seems a pity not to have the model of the real thing out where it can be seen.

Mystic Seaport is least well enjoyed by the hurried tourist that has to "get through it" before the end of a one or even a two day visit. Just lounging around the place, listening and looking, gives the greatest return. I rounded the green, hearing the chanteyman lead a chorus of visitors in an anchor-lifting ditty with words of several possible levels of meaning. The "Morgan" was dressed in top-sails, fore course, and a couple of jibs. As I stood on the Chubb wharf beside her, the afternoon southwester made her heel gently toward the dock and the gang plank slid a foot or more back and forth on a sheet-iron landing plate. It was nice to hear her creak with the motion. Years ago, when I first came to Mystic, she was bedded down in the mud of the river bottom, held there by her ballast in all but the highest spring tides, but she has been afloat again now for fifteen or twenty years and her bottom planking is still the same century and a half old oak that she was built with. Out beyond her, two dozen little Dyers were tacking about in a confusion of primary colored sails. Every so often they would fall into a regular pattern quite magically as the inaudible starting horn for the next race brought them all onto the same tack at the same instant. The livery



catboat "Breck Marshall" passed inside them on the way up the river with a half dozen passengers aboard. Her big gaff-headed mainsail had a patch of new material in it. The two tones of sail cloth added to her authenticity. She is a perfectly beautiful boat in any case, but one that gains grace from age even though she is a reproduction, built only a few years ago in the Seaport's own Boatshop.

Back in "Blueberry's" cabin I listened to the NOAA weather forecast and consulted Eldridge's Tide and Pilot Book for the details of my return voyage on the following day. The flood was scheduled to turn fair at the Race between Fisher's Island and Plum Island by 0800. That would give me until half past two in the afternoon to be inside the estuary of the Connecticut if I was to have a ride on the tide in Long Island Sound and a lift up the river to home. "Blueberry's" engine can handle the current of the river well enough, but the wind was to be the predictable southwest summer zephyr, perhaps strengthening to 15 to 20 in the afternoon, and I would have to tack against it. Beating to windward across a falling tide of two and a half knots would reduce my speed over the bottom to something like a knot and a half or two even in a good wind, with "Blueberry" doing her best hull speed of around five and a half to six. At that pace I would spend all day and some of the night on the trip home.

The tide is always more important than the wind for a small sailboat in Long Island Sound. The last time I had tried such a course, the wind freshened to more than twenty and the rising tide was pushed into quite a fearful chop on the seaward side of all the points projecting from the Connecticut shore. Either more wind or less, an early start to the west was obviously a good idea.

But even the 07:15 bridge opening at Mystic would leave me with several hours of sailing before I got past Sea Flower reef and out into the Sound where the rising tide could benefit me. I decided to get down the Mystic River and out past Mason's Island before the early dark of September required my anchoring for the night. The chart revealed a bight on the east side of Ram Island, just east of Noank, that looked like an

appropriate harbor, out of the way of the swells pushed up by the prevailing westerly winds. Given the distance and the time of sunset, I decided to push for the five fifteen bridge opening. Given the state of my galley and the prospect of a second tinned dinner in two days, I concluded that a four o'clock supper at the bar of the Seaman's Inn would do nicely.

The Inn's bar is one of the better modelings of that often altered restaurant. The ceiling is ancient, stamped sheet metal painted cream, the Thonet bentwood chairs have dark red plush seats, and the menu is written on a chalk board just to the left of the door. A solitary diner is accommodated at a high bar stool at any hour of the day. Even if it weren't on the posted list, the pleasant bartender said he could produce a lobster salad and a sidel of Samuel Adams bitter. Since feeding oneself is the least expense of supporting a sailboat, I figured I could order a la carte with impunity. Even with a side order of french fries.

We caught the bridge opening at 17:15 handily and powered down the Mystic anchorage, following the zigzag of the channel most of the way, but the tide was nearly full and I cut in between boats that seemed to have as much draught as we, making a course more or less directly for the north horn of the crescent of Ram Island. This was a new anchorage for me, but it was attractively described in the Complete Boating Guide. I came in from the north-east, being passed along the way by an able looking lobster fisherman power boat with "Ram Island" and "Mystic" lettered on its transom. When I entered the shallow bay it was tied up at the somewhat shaky looking dock on the other horn of the cove.

A wire fence bisects the waist of the island, separating a middling large house with attendant trees and lawns on the left side from scrub vegetation on the other. I assumed that the sheep would be on the right but I saw none. Gulls were plentiful on the right and a single child in a yellow sweater squatted by the waterside on the other side. The water in the little bay was very clear and I could see the individual blades of grass on the bottom eight or nine feet below. I lowered the Bruce, paid out thirty feet of rode and backed down on the diesel to dig it in.

Bruce anchors are meant to be good for anything from rock to mud but are not especially recommended for kelp or thick grass. It seemed to take hold quickly however, and I have never dragged since I've had it.

A half dozen adults and another child seemed to surround parts of the house, but the place had a disused aspect and even though windows on both sides of the house allowed me to see right through it, the silhouetted forms didn't appear to be preparing supper or even having cocktails. They gave more of the impression of caretakers than owners of the little island. As the evening settled the whole island took on a blue-grey cast against the pink and ochre sky. The shore line was black and very dark green except for the sweater of the child who seemed to be gathering mussels from the rocks.

After a while the grownups came outside and called for the girl in the yellow sweater. There was some bustling back and forth to the dock and around seven o'clock they all boarded the lobster boat and set out towards the mainland at flank speed with navigation lights burning. In all the time I had observed them I don't think anyone ever gave "Blueberry" so much as a passing glance. I guess they were used to having visitors in their anchorage in the summer months.

A number of years ago I had sent a couple of miniature bottles of Bushmill's Irish Whiskey to the mother of a friend who was hospitalized. The friend returned the favor and I still had the little bottles in the spice rack of "Blueberry's" galley. They seemed appropriate for the wilder end of the uninhabited island. I also had a chunk of Jarlsburg, a nectarine and oatmeal cookies to make a complement to my early supper in Mystic. I sat in the cockpit while an orange sun settled slowly over the rocks of the northwestern end of the island. Then I retired to more Mozart in the cabin. Prescott (which I have been working on for several years) having failed to keep me up to nine on the previous evening. I switched to Procopius' "Secret History" with little more success in spite of some racy stuff about the formative years of the Empress Theodora. I set the anchor light and turned in.

The little cove supplied a somewhat more agitated berth than I had expected and I couldn't quite tell what was causing the short quick swells, the wind being gentle and coming from the island side of my mooring with only a hundred feet of fetch for the wind to press upon the water. After a tighter lashing of the tiller and securing the tintinabulating traveler of the staysail horse, I slept tolerably well until first light, around 5 am.

(To Be Concluded)





UNITED STATES COAST GUARD AUXILIARY

A Voluntary National Organization

Contributed by Tom Shaw

dedicated to the promotion of SAFETY in the maintenance, operation and navigation of SMALL CRAFT

Ragbags & Stinkpots

If the world were a more nearly perfect place, every power boat operator would have to spend a significant number of hours at the tiller of a small sailboat before he was allowed to crank up his engine. The basic understanding of what it is like to sail (apart from the wonderful peace and quiet and the joy of harnessing natural forces to reach a destination) would make him a far better power boater which is why the Coast Guard Auxiliary "Boating Skills and Seamanship" course includes a full chapter on basic sailing. Some experience under canvas might also do a lot to eliminate much of the distrust (and dislike?) between boaters who rely on wind and those whose heart is with the internal combustion engine.

There are certain things a sailboat simply cannot do, and if power boaters truly understood those limitations both groups would share the waterways more comfortably. The kind of in-depth understanding I am talking about goes far beyond the "rules of the road" or who has the "right of way"; it could lead to intelligent anticipation of what the sailor must do and why he must do it. Here are some specific examples.

Everyone knows that a sailboat cannot go directly into the wind. The power boater who has sailed will understand that the sailboat up ahead is nearing the edge of the channel and will have to tack to make a course change of approximately 90 degrees, and knowing this he can easily alter his own course to stand clear. His lack of awareness might well bring him abeam of the sailor just when the latter has to tack. Without such anticipation there are three probabilities: A near miss, a sailboat aground or an actual collision. There is an even better probability of bad language and bad feelings. The power boater who has sailed will also be aware that sailboats generally draw a lot more water because of keel or centerboard. As a rule he can safely go where they cannot.

There is a time as a sailboat tacks when it gets no power from the sails and moves through the eye of the wind on its forward momentum alone. At such a moment, the sailboat is extremely vulnerable to a rogue wave, or a powerboat's wake. Either can stop him dead as he attempts to make his turn, leaving him "in irons" and temporarily helpless. Light centerboard boats are particularly vulnerable to this as they do not have much mass to keep them moving. If there is plenty of open water missing his tack is a nuisance to the sailor but nothing more. If, however, he is at the edge of a channel with rocks close by, that powerboat wake could cause real harm. Let me give an example:

Some years ago I chartered a 24' centerboard sloop in Long Island Sound, I was returning up the Connecticut River when the Saybrook railway bridge closed ahead

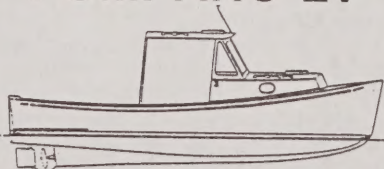
of me (as it always seemed to do when I tried to go up the river.) The wind was up-stream and light; the tide was downstream and strong. Progress was slow and I knew that there would be a moment or two under the bridge when I would lose my wind and have to proceed against the tide on momentum alone, so when the bridge opened I circled and let all the traffic go through.

At last it was my turn, but just as I started under the bridge, a 30' cabin cruiser cut ahead of me. His wake caught me under the bridge and stopped me dead. The tide took command, and I was carried helplessly towards the rocks of the bridge pier. At the last possible moment, I caught a puff of wind, got her sailing again, and pulled clear. By this time the cruiser was far up the river and he had absolutely no idea that he had almost caused a major accident. Obviously, he was a power boater who had never sailed.

Of course, the skipper of that cruiser was also guilty of other major sins. He forgot that the overtaken boat always has the right of way, even when it is a sailboat making only a knot or two against the tide. He also forgot that every skipper is totally responsible for any damage caused by his wake. This chap was travelling at some thirty knots and had I smashed against that bridge pier he would never have understood that he caused the accident. Nor could I have held him responsible. In the brief moments of real danger I was far too busy staring with horror at the bridge pier to note the name on his transom.

If the world were a more nearly perfect place, every power boat operator would have to spend a significant amount of time at the tiller of a small sailboat. Until that happy moment, I would urge ragbaggers to take their stinkpot friends out for a sail from time to time. They will have a good time. They will learn a lot. Who knows, they might even be converted.

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We've had "Frogger", a 15'4" Micro, for two years now; but last summer was our first real cruise. We sailed her plenty the first summer, but mostly in a reservoir in Oklahoma. A typical trip was up wind four miles to the dam, drop the hook, have lunch, and then a run back to the marina. A nice Sunday outing.

A longer trip was sailing under the bridge (where the bigger Catalina 22's could not go) then five miles up to a small cove, drop the hook, open a bottle of wine, heat up a pot of something, listen to a Mozart tape on the boom box then turn in. In the morning we'd awake to see ducks and herons in our cove. I might cast for bass while Mary made coffee and eggs. I even caught one once.

Once we pulled the boat behind the Nissan pick-up to Choctawhatchee Bay in Florida. We enjoyed sailing about the Bay on day trips, but always returned to the motel in the evening. None of these trips really constituted a cruise. Cruising is traveling by sail to a distant port where you overnight, then sail on to a different destination the next day. This we had never done until last summer in North Channel, Lake Huron.

All sorts of questions came up while planning this first cruise. How could we find our way through the maze of islands? Reading "The Practical Pilot" by Leonard Eyges answered that question, as well as the purchase of a compass and Richardson's "Chartbook of Lake Huron".

The question, "How much gas should we take for the outboard?" was answered by an experiment. We filled up the gas tank then motored for one hour. We picked a dead calm day for this so as not to waste good sailing weather. Dragging the knot stick showed we traveled at 5.5 knots. Filling up the gas tank again required 1.2 gallons. Thus, we could motor for five hours on six gallons of gas and go twenty-seven miles. An eight gallon supply should be plenty for our trip.

How far should we plan to travel in a single day? We were going to depart from Drummond Island on the south western end of North Channel. If we sailed east, there would be plenty of nice anchorages allowing us to stop most anywhere. But still, I wanted to have some sort of goal in mind

Our First Cruise in "Frogger:"

By George Fulk

when we set out. A destination seemed to be a necessary part of cruising.

If we sailed at 4 knots (hull speed for "Frogger") for eight hours we could make thirty-two miles, or forty miles in ten hours. Of course getting up wind could take forever. On a reach or run "Frogger" keeps up with or even passes many of the Catalina's on our lake, but she falls behind when beating into the wind. We decided early on to drop the sails and turn the motor on if we needed to move up wind. This decision made twenty-five miles per day seemed reasonable.

Other questions remained. How much food, beer and wine to take? Would "Frogger" get swamped in the big waves of open water? Would we get bored stiff after one day and wish we were home? This was a voyage into the unknown.

We left the house on June 25th. The trip to northern Michigan was smooth. Fellow campers at Lake Ahquabi State Park in Iowa gave us close look. Probably they had never seen a camp trailer quite like "Frogger". A worker on the ferry boat to Drummond Island also thought "Frogger" was unusual. But he did recognize our home port, Tahlequah, as the Home Office of David Letterman.

Our first taste of North Channel sailing came when we took three friends for a short evening sail on Sturgeon Bay. The wind was strong and having five people in the boat made me nervous. Shortly after leaving the dock (why not before??) I decided to reef the sail. This was a bit awkward with the cockpit so crowded, but we managed somehow. Bud, one of our passengers and an experienced North Channel sailor, noted my clenched jaw and whiteknuckled grasp on the tiller.

"This is a bit more wind than average for North Channel at this time of the year. Your boat is seaworthy. She'll be able take more bad weather than her crew can." Comforting words from Bud.

At 10 AM two days later our adventure began. We left the dock under power, nose into a stiff northeast wind. Small white-caps everywhere, but fair weather in the forecast. We planned to sail to Pilot's Cove the first day, a distance of seventeen miles. If we got there early, we could always go another eight miles to Tolmsville on Cockburn Island.

The first leg was six and one-half miles NE (directly in to the wind) to Chippewa Pt. where we'd be in the main body of North Channel. From there our course was east 6 miles to another point, then south for five miles to reach Pilot's Cove. On our way to Chippewa we stopped at Harbor Island, a C-shaped island. In the center of the island is a large pond that you can sail right into. We stopped there to reef the sail thinking after we rounded the point we'd be beating across a stiff north wind.

After we left Harbor Island, the wind dropped; then picked up again, about 15 knots; now out of the east. We took out the reef and turned off the "egg beater"; under sail at last. But not for long. Rounding Chippewa we found ourselves heading straight into the wind again. Time to crank up the egg beater.

On the big water of North Channel, waves were large swells from the north, kicked up by the earlier wind, and a steep chop from the east. "Frogger" rolled over the swells, giving us a smooth ride. Maybe we'd survive this trip after all, although the wind was cold. We were glad we had taken plenty of wool shirts along.

With little to do, Mary took an interest in navigating, i.e. comparing the chart with what she saw. This led to a debate as to which island was which (we could see dozens all around us) and was that really Chippewa Pt. or was it Bruce Pt?? After shooting several bearings as well as the breeze, we finally agreed as to where we were and what was what.

After motoring two and one-half hours we reached Reynolds Pt., allowing us to turn south and ride the east wind into Pilot's Cove. How could it have taken two and one-half hours to motor six miles? We had figured on making 5.5 miles per hour, but were actually going about 2.5 miles per hour. Then I remembered that our

anticipated speed under power was based on the short run on a windless day in a small lake.

Rounding Reynolds Pt. we noted that the stiff easterly breeze had dropped off to a whisper out of the southeast. Strangely we still had a steep chop from the east over fading rollers out of the north. The wind and waves were definitely not in sync. Under sail alone we hardly made any progress. We were sick and tired of that egg beater, so were content to drift along. At least we were headed in the right direction.

Several miles to the south, we could see another sailboat motoring toward Pilot's Cove under bare poles, the first fellow sailor we had seen all day. It was a big ketch. We ate lunch, listened to the radio, read mystery stories, and watched our fellow sailors. All at once they were gone. I searched the shore line with the binoculars and finally saw their tall mast between the cedar trees in the woods.

The wind picked up, giving us a nice ride for the last hour of the journey. We arrived at Pilot's Cove at 6 PM, eight hours to go seventeen miles including an half-hour at Harbor Island. Our original estimate of twenty-five miles for an "easy" day's sail was obviously unrealistic. The wind had shifted three times, blowing out of the north, then east and finally south-east.

Pilot's Cove looks like a miniature Cape Cod on the chart. The entrance is only twenty yards wide but very deep, allowing one to sail into the sheltered pond of about two acres. The shore drops off very steeply with ten feet of water only ten feet from the shore. We headed downwind toward the shore, lowered the main, and dropped the anchor over the stern. The anchor held nicely in the sandy bottom. We could easily see it fifteen feet below us. The anchor line was a good brake, allowing "Frogger" to drift gently into the shore under mizzen power. A line from the bow cleat to a handy tree secured us for the evening. We stepped ashore, dry shod.

The idea on how to tie up to the shore was not ours, but Francis and Jannette's who welcomed us as we sailed in. Their 29' sloop was tied up to the same shore as "Frogger". Also in the cove was the big 35' ketch. Our neighbors were very curious about "Frogger". We gladly answered all the usual questions: What kind of boat is it? (Micro by Phil Bolger). You built it yourself? (yes). What's it made out of (marine ply and fiberglass). How much ballast? (450 lbs of lead in full-length keel). How long did it take to build? (many week-ends and parts of two summer vacations).

Francis invited us to his boat for supper; venison sausage, rice, and green peppers. We chipped in with Foster's beer and tomatoes. The company was as good as the food. They were experienced sailors, just returning from a two-handed race from Detroit to Rogers, Michigan, the length of Lake Huron.

Right from the top: Loaded up, ready for the road. Ready to leave Bud's dock on our first cruise. Anchored in Pilot's Cove.



The next morning we walked around a bit after breakfast and took a quick bath in the 55 degree water of Pilot's Cove. We left under power at 10:30; destination Meldrum Bay on Manitoulin Island with a stopover at Tolmaville on Cockburn Island. Total distance, eighteen miles. We crossed the international boundary into Canada between Pilot's Cove and Cockburn.

The second day was a lot like the first, several hours of motoring directly into a cold, stiff breeze. We arrived at Meldrum at 9 PM. The eighteen mile trip took eight and one-half hours, excluding a two hour layover on Cockburn Island. According to the log, we sailed two hours; wind shifted twice, starting NE, then E, and finally SE. The wind shifts were timed to coincide with our course changes, so we were nearly always headed directly into the breeze.

Meldrum Bay has a Canadian Customs station where we checked in. The custom's officer inspected our boat registration and gave us a permit to enter Canada. When he asked our last port of call, I said Cockburn. He said, "Cockburn is in Canada. It's illegal to enter Canada without a permit." Then I explained that we just had a quick peak at Cockburn, but our last actual port of call was on Drummond Island.

This was our first overnight in a real marina, something "Frogger" is not well equipped for. The port-a-pot sits exposed to the open air aft of the cockpit. The cockpit doubles as a galley when you set up the backpack stove. Immediately after we tied up (and paid a \$10 slip fee and \$9 for four gallons of gas) six couples came up to inspect "Frogger" and ask the usual questions. One man insisted on poking his nose into our cabin. We felt like we were camping on the mall in Washington DC.

The other sailors were all from distant ports: Detroit, New York, Toronto. They were spending two or three weeks cruising around North Channel. All knew of Pilot's Cove. They said Francis and Janette had arrived earlier, but decided to move on to Gore.

The next morning we ate a wonderful breakfast at the tourist hotel in the village, one advantage of a civilized anchorage. We walked around the village, a quaint place with Victorian frame houses. The net museum was closed. Wild flowers were everywhere.

We left at 10:30 - destination Pilot's Cove then either home to Sturgeon Bay or on to Thessalon on the north shore of North Channel depending on the weather. Sailing was to be pretty much down wind from here on. We had paid our dues.

We covered the nine and one-half miles from Meldrum to Cockburn in three and one-half hours, 2.75 knots under sail the whole way. This is what cruising is supposed to be. The sun was warm and the breeze steady but gentle. We saw a doe and fawn drinking from the lake as we slid silently by.

We stretched our legs in the village on Cockburn, legally this time with entry permit in hand. There is no bridge to Cockburn nor regular ferry service. Still, the island has a small village of about three dozen houses many filled with summer visitors. Only two people live there year around.

By the time we reached Pilot's Cove, the wind had stopped for the day. We motored the last two miles. A man rowed a beautiful 16' boat (looked like a Whitehall) into the cove just ahead of us, his wife sitting comfortably in the stern. I wondered if he had rowed it the whole seventeen miles from Sturgeon Bay. He seemed to moving at about 3 or 4 knots. As we slid through the entrance to the cove we saw a 40' ft ketch, with the Whitehall being tied to its stern. This row boat (longer than "Frogger") was merely the tender to this magnificent yacht. We talked to the owner, a man from Colorado. He keeps the ketch in Cedarville, Michigan. The Whitehall was custom made by a boat builder there.

Our last night was spent at Burnt Island (mosquito heaven) just six miles north of our starting point in Sturgeon Bay. The eight hour trip there included three hours of motoring into a Northwest wind. The forecast was for high winds and one to one and one-half meter waves, but we were close to home.

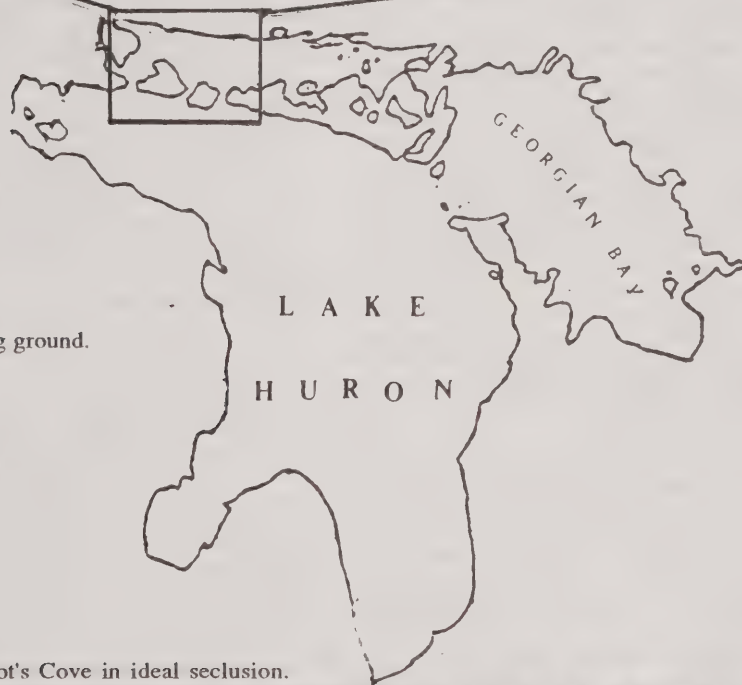
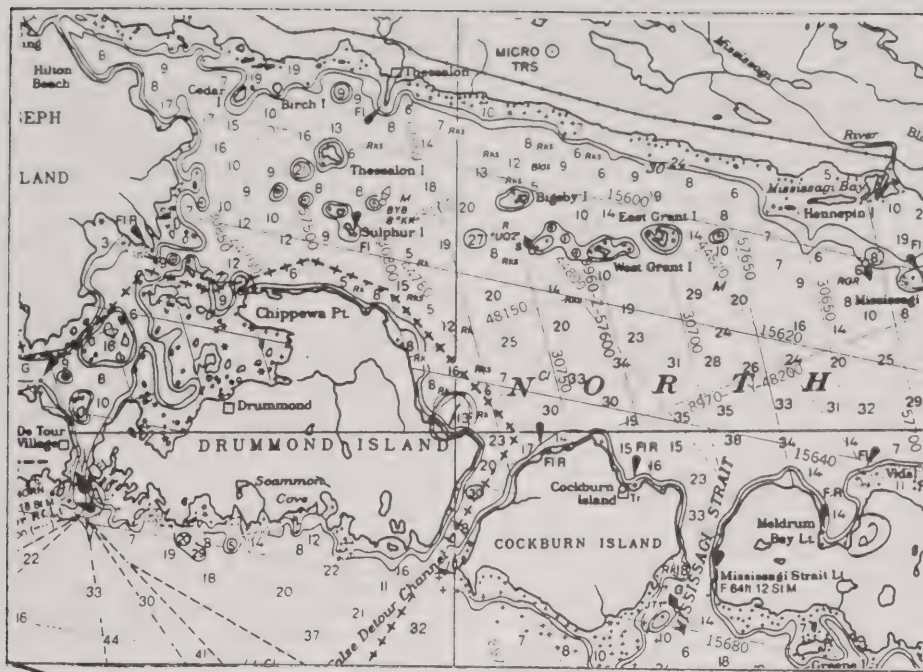
We awoke to a light rain and building wind out of the E. We reefed the sail and left after a quick breakfast. Our last sail was the most exciting. White caps were everywhere. We set our course to maximize shelter behind the many islands between us and the dock six miles away. First was a reach to Long Island, then a windward beat to Harbor Island. Spray was coming over the deck, so we had to close the hatch to keep the cabin dry. We put on the foul weather gear and kept ourselves pretty dry. "Frogger" charged ahead with a will of her own. Rudder alone would not steer her, but the combination of mizzen and rudder kept her under control. The mizzen is an effective "air rudder". I remembered Bud's words of confidence about 'Frogger's' seaworthiness.

Bud was there at his dock to meet us. He had been watching us through his binoculars as we flew across the bay. We tied to his dock. A wind gauge on the dock registered many gusts of 60 knots and steady winds at 30. We were glad to be home and proud of our strange looking cruiser with holes in her bow transom and plumb sides. For a square box (or even for a sail boat) she sailed very well.

We are looking forward to our next North Channel cruise. We've only covered just thirty-five miles of this one hundred by twenty mile body of water, filled with islands and bays.

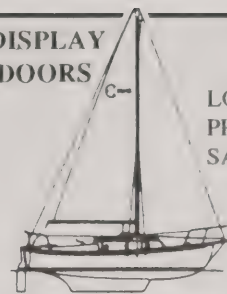
Left from the top: Lunch at the dock on Cockburn Island. Drifting in the right direction.





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Malibu Memories

By H. Douglas McNary

A Big, Not So Tough, Malibu Outrigger

Bill Richenbach called me Friday night and asked if I would crew on his 21' Malibu Outrigger which he was demonstrating to his neighbor, father and son. I was a little concerned since the weather along the Malibu coast in March could be cool. But the report called for sunny skies and moderate temperatures. Regardless, the water remained cold. But Bill ask for a favour and I said yes.

Bill's boat was big and heavy. The three akas (cross beams) were massive wood planks wrapped in fiberglass. The scantlings for the hull and amas were conservative.

We all met at the Malibu Yacht Club Saturday morning. I wore a makinaw over my life vest and donned a new wool, captain's hat I had received for Christmas. The morning was chilly but a good breeze was blowing as we pushed through the surf.

We had been sailing about three miles from shore for about an hour when the wind increased perceptibly. Bill put the three of us on the outboard hiking plank while he sat on the main hull. We had not been on the tack very long when we heard a loud cracking sound. The three akas had broken just outboard of the main hull. The fiberglass was holding the pieces together but the akas were slowly bending.

Fortunately, a Malibu 18 was nearby and took the father and son aboard. They headed for shore. Another 18 tried to pull us towards shore but by this time the main hull had taken on a lot of water because Bill had forgotten to secure the hatches. I sat on the ama which I attached to the main hull with the sheet. Bill was still high and dry but I was half submerged. Luckily, someone had called the Coast Guard and they towed us to the wave break line in front of the club. By this time I was beginning to feel the effects of hypothermia. I told Bill I had to leave him and get to shore. A surfer nearby heard me and offered to take my place and help Bill move the boat through the surfline.

So I mounted the surfboard and headed in. I don't remember going through the surf (I certainly did not stand up!) but eventually found myself on shore. I could not stand up! A couple of yacht club members dragged me higher on the beach where it was surprisingly warm and and fed me some hot coffee laced with whiskey.

We sat there and watched Bill bring the remnants of his boat ashore. It would eventually be reassembled with special, flexible, laminated akas.

Finally someone walked up to me with my captain's hat, soggy and damp, and shrinking by the minute.

Fishing From a Malibu Outrigger

Bill Richenbach had finally obtained new akas (beams) for his 21' Malibu outrigger. His original akas had collapsed with me and two other crew perched on the

starboard hiking board. He wanted to re-launch in time for the annual Luau at the Malibu Yacht Club. As I helped him re-assemble the boat, I wondered what new adventure Bill had in store.

We planned to sail the long race the next day. It consisted of a beat west along the coast and then a run back to the club.

Saturday morning we started early. The fleet headed out to sea and generally tacked along the coast. We rounded the mark about one o'clock and headed home. The breeze was gentle and we moved at 2-3 knots.

Then Bill decided to go fishing. He had some 1/16" line wound around the hiking plank. He attached a wire leader and a six inch white bone lure with a large hook at the end. He just threw the line and lure over the stern and trailed them along behind the boat. We were continuing our slow journey eastward when bang, something took the bait. I pulled in on the line and brought aboard a 30 pound albacore. Bill proceeded to clean the fish, cut it into steaks and put in his cooler which he had placed below the front hatch. We caught three more large fish in this manner, finally filling the cooler to capacity. Evidently we had silently sailed into a school of fish and had kept pace with the school.

When we returned to the beach, we found the oil drum charcoal pit all ready for us. We placed the steaks on the grill over white hot coals and prepared our feast. We had hors d'oeuvres for the whole club!

I don't remember how we finished in the race, but I do remember the taste of the grilled, fresh albacore!

The Malibu 18... a Lethal Weapon

Bert invited me to crew on his Malibu 18 in a race from the Boy Scout camp in San Pedro, California. The camp is located on the north side of Long Beach harbor and has about 1/8th mile of sand beach. This made a great launching area for the Malibus since they could be assembled and floated at the same location.

We had a good turn-out of 18s and there were also quite a few P-Cats. The P-Cat was a new design at that time. It was solidly built and a little heavy because the structure had to withstand beach launching into the Pacific surf and high speed operation in large waves.

The P-Cats started 5 minutes before the eighteens. The course was sailed from the middle of the harbour back towards the intersection of the Boy Scout beach and the breakwater, back down the the breakwater and thence out into the ocean. The reaching leg inside the breakwater was very fast due to the flatness of the protected water and the effect of "hurricane gulch", the high winds that formed around San Pedro point.

The two fleets converged about two-thirds of the way down the reaching leg. The eighteens were mostly weathering on starboard tack, the P-Cats reaching on port. We were in second place behind the Penningtons, Fred and Penny. Penny was sitting on the the ama and holding on to



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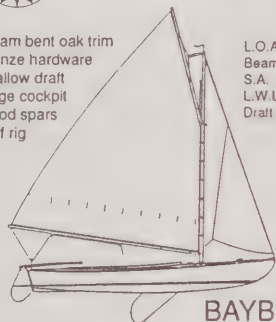
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the hiking board above her. The Marchmonts, Norm and Jinx were leading the P-Cat fleet. They had the port hull high out of the water and were making at least 15 knots.

Now the Malibu 18 is constructed of plywood, fiberglass and polyester resin. The hull and ama are long and thin with raked bows. The structure is designed to knife through the Pacific Ocean waves.

As the Penningtons approached the Marchmonts, Fred called out for starboard right-of-way. Nothing happened. Again he called for right-of-way but louder this time. The Marchmonts were elevated on the float and evidently could not hear the calls. The boats were converging so rapidly that Fred could not take evasive action.

Crunch! Fred's main hull slammed into the underside of the P-Cat and drove through the deck between the hulls. The P-Cat port hull came down on the hiking boards of the Malibu but did not touch Penny who laid out flat on the ama below the hiking board level.

We sailed up to the collision to help, but the boats had swung free and no one was hurt. Fred was mad because the Marchmonts almost hit his wife, his main hull needed a new bow, and he was out of the race. Norm was mad because his deck was holed and he was out of the race.

We were just glad that no one was injured and all would race another day.

The Backwards P-Cat

The Malibu Outriggers had sailed off Malibu Beach and back for years with few problems, although the "boneyard" always had enough broken akas, masts, gaffs and hulls to make a large bonfire for the annual Luau.

But the winds of change were blowing over the Malibu Yacht Club and new boats were appearing in the the fleet particularly fiberglass catamarans.

One of the more rugged of these was the Pacific Catermaran or the P-Cat. The boat was designed to sail at high speeds through the Pacific Ocean waves and potentially land on sand beaches.

On this particular day, there was a ceremonial launching of a new P-Cat. The crew, guests of the Malibu Yacht Club, were from a high performance monohull, but they had not sailed a catamaran..

We helped them out through the surf. They did not discuss the technique for returning.

The surf off Malibu Beach can be a little "challenging". Going out through the surf can be disconcerting but at least one can see the waves ahead. Returning requires finesse observing and counting the waves to ascertain the smallest (usually the seventh) and knowing how the wind and breaking waves affect the boat.

The P-Cat had been sailing for about an hour and one-half when the crew decided to return to the beach. They put the boat on a big wave (not number seven) and they came flying towards shore in the break of the wave. The crew lost its nerve and bailed out. The boat broached but kept it feet and came rushing into the beach backwards. The rudders were still locked down.

When they hit the sand there was a loud crunching sound and the blades snapped off. Otherwise the boat was OK. It beached itself and waited for the crew to come ashore. They were a little chagrined when they realized that the P-Cat would have brought them safely home.

I guess the lesson learned was to ask questions when unfamiliar with a boat and to have faith in a good boat.

The Veteran Sabot Sailor

At the Malibu Yacht Club many were getting a little smug about sailing our outriggers out and in through the Pacific surf. I do not include myself because I was always apprehensive about coming through the break and often acted as a human sea anchor, trailing behind the boat.

One evening we were sitting on the beach enjoying a sundowner when a Sabot hove into view. It was helmed by a grizzled old sailor, beard and all. The boat was sailing just beyond the surf line. We wondered where such a small monohull could have been launched through the waves. We had our answer soon. Anywhere! The helmsman swung the boat shoreward and rode the smallest wave of the set in towards the beach. He had to keep the leeboard and rudder down for control. At the last second he loosened the locking lever, swung the leeboard up, then reached back and disconnected the rudder. The boat swung around parallel to the beach and the skipper stepped out on dry sand.

The skipper said hello, asked for some water and the use of our head. He thanked us and returned to his boat. He pushed into the backflow, climbed in, set the rudder and leeboard and sailed out through the surf, again through the smallest wave in the set.

We never saw this sailor and his small boat again. No one in the club seemed inclined to match his performance in a Sabot or any other monohull!

"There is nothing - absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing, as simply messing about in boats."

Kenneth Grahame from "The Wind in the Willows."

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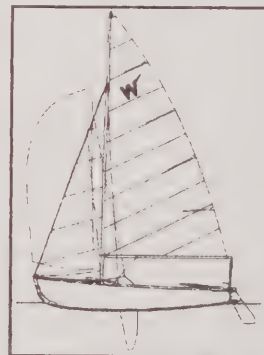
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Despite a Duluth pack-full of discourse in past issues about how to paddle a canoe, I'd rather paddle like a coyote.

Back in the dim ages when I was twelve there was only one way to paddle; the Boy Scout way. These days there seems to be a general aversion to the sort of regimentation that allows only one way to do anything, whether it be paddling a canoe or tying your shoe.

OK, so you're wondering about that coyote. Was it some sort of vision quest where I went out and saw a coyote up a creek in a canoe, digging in with both forepaws? Not quite. You see, I didn't troop off to Scout Camp to learn about canoes, and camping, and cooking, and citizenship all by my lonesome. There were six of us in Troop 5 who, all except for Fitz, lived along St. Louis Blvd. in South Bend. We called ourselves the Coyote Patrol. We learned stuff together, all for one and one for all, a team, buddies.

As for me, I was always too small, too slow, and too nearsighted to do well in ordinary sports. But one thing about the Scouts was that you wouldn't get cut at the end of any preseason practice. Our Scoutmaster, Mr. Quigley, never cut anybody. That is not to say that he didn't have high standards.

For me, boats were different from any kind of ball. I discovered that I could make boats perform as well as anybody in the troop, and sometimes better. Canoes opened horizons, literally as well as figuratively.

But the Coyote Patrol didn't just saunter down to the canoe rack at Camp Bryan and paddle off to the Quetico. Nosirrie Bob! First we had to learn the basics. Then we had to earn a Canoeing Merit Badge. Let me tell you how it was. But remember, this Coyote comes from a time when Shredded Wheat came in only one size, big, and without any frosting. The box it came in also contained advice from some Indian Chief named Straight Arrow. These instructions concerned important things such as how to whittle a paddle, or portage a canoe, or make a pair of snowshoes, or smoke signals even. You could read them while munching a milk-sodden biscuit at breakfast. This was before television, when a plain-printed piece of cardboard, just the right size for an empty Shredded Wheat box to serve as a file cabinet, was considered a viable way to convey vital information.

In our Troop nothing symbolized the fun and adventure of Boy Scouting better than canoes. To follow river trails blazed across Indiana by the Marquis De LaSalle and his band of Voyageurs on their epic exploration from Montreal to the Gulf of Mexico in 1679 a scout needed a good canoe and know-how. During the 1950's Camp Bryan was one of the very best places to get both.

I qualified for canoes during my second summer at Camp and thereafter had little use for the rowing boats that had been so much fun the previous year. There was plenty of support at home, too; certainly no talk about canoes being too dangerous. My parents maintained the same rules as the Boy Scouts; learn to swim well, and use boats responsibly. Following those two simple rules there was no limit to how far one might go.

How a Coyote Paddles a Canoe

By Moby Nick Scheuer



Camp Bryan possessed something like a score of well-maintained wood and canvas canoes; some Pierre Marquette, but mostly Old Town. Being from Michigan, the former were more highly esteemed. They all measured about 16' in length and were painted white outside and bright inside.

Added to these were nine brand new 17' and 19' Grumman aluminum canoes.

We should compare the two types of canoes as the Coyotes might late at night in our tent. Basically, there was no comparison; the wood and canvas craft were superior in almost every way. They had oval bottom sections which seemed tippy at first, until we learned that they gained stability by immersing their bilges. Eventually the Grummans would seem too stiff.

The wooden canoes were equipped with thwarts only; whereas the Grummans had seats fore and aft. While our knees might pick the Grummans as first choice, the Sagamores at BSA National Headquarters maintained the policy that one should kneel in a canoe, always. The Camp's own Indian lore maintained that only squaws sat in canoes. Obviously, no Coyote would ever be caught sitting in a Grumman, and to be so obtuse as to sit upon the spindly ash thwarts of the classic craft might get one banished from the waterfront for the remainder of the day.

The waterlines of the classic canoes were much more fine, with slight hollows in the ends, making them the first choice for speed or for easy paddling.

When struck by anything hard such as a paddle, or the canoe rack, the old craft emitted a dull thud; whereas the new metal ones went "BOOM". That always drew a frown from the instructor. When used properly, a canoe did not make noise. The Indians knew that, and so should we.

The aluminum canoes were not completely without virtue. They were the only ones used for swamping drills and other rough exercises on or in the water, all of which were great fun. If aluminum meant more fun, we were willing to forego devotion to varnished thwarts and steam-bent ash ribs.

The Grummans had one pedigree that no wooden canoe could match. It was said

that they were made of tempered aircraft aluminum left over from production of all the Wildcats, Hellcats, and Avengers that Grumman had built for the Navy. What sort of Coyote wouldn't want to use watercraft made of the same stuff? Besides, if you dropped your end between rack and water, the instructor just frowned. If you dropped an Old Town he had a fit.

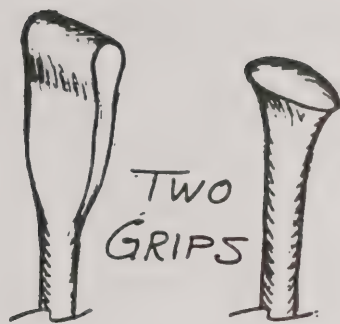
The Grummans had arrived on a pair of massive steel trailers, each capable of transporting seven canoes. Prominently parked by the Mess Hall, they were mute reminder that when we became proficient our Troop could load up and go somewhere. Now, if you've done your math you'll be thinking that the people in charge might've bought several more canoes if they'd opted for less rolling stock. We had nine canoes and highway capacity for fourteen! But one of those trailers had taken a full load of nineteen footers to a base camp at the end of the Gunflint Trail up in the Boundary Waters of Minnesota. The empty trailer had been brought back so that more than one Scout Unit might go separate ways on the same weekend with the canoes at Camp Bryan. Often there might not be a single aluminum canoe left in camp over a weekend. The rental fee was something like twenty-five cents per canoe and a dollar for the trailer. The fees were kept low in order to encourage use, yet signify that there was no free ride.

Our Council was known then as the Tri-Valley Council, referring to the three major river valleys in the territory, the St. Joseph, the Elkart, and the Yellow. In school we knew about the French explorer LaSalle, our Grade School was in fact located on LaSalle Street, and how he had portaged across from the St. Joseph River to the Kankakee, which lay just to the west, after a formal council with the Chief of the Pottawatomies. In Scouts we learned that this Pow-Wow had taken place right out on the northwest side of town beneath a great oak tree thenceforth renowned as the Council Oak.

In history class a scout could make some grade points with the story about the Council Oak. He could do even better relating the fact that LaSalle's trustworthy guide through the region had been a Pottawatomie named White Beaver. Any kid who didn't know about White Beaver did not have to hang a sign on his back to say that he was not a Boy Scout. White Beaver was considered an authentic hero without whom LaSalle might well have failed to reach his goal.

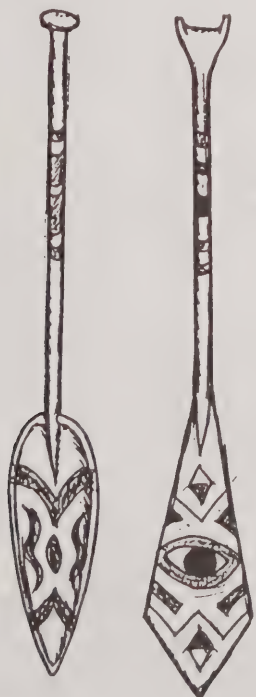
This larger context wherein proficiency with a paddle led to adventure on the water as well as to a personal identification with regional history explains why canoes were held in much higher regard at Camp Bryan than either the rowing boats or sailing prams.

The paddles we used were all white ash "beavertail" pattern, but with a choice of grip. If memory serves, one style was called "trapper" and the other "Maine Guide". Both are illustrated here, though I can't remember which is which. Neither grip can be found on the type of paddle commonly available today. That is not to say that the grip on your average K-Mart paddle is somehow inferior; they just lack je ne sais quoi.



Length of paddles progressed in small increments from reasonably short to very long. Our first lesson, following instruction for use of the "buddy board", was how to choose the correct length for ourselves. With the blade resting on the ground by your toes, the grip should extend somewhere between chin and eyes. If we wanted to take along an extra paddle, a practice never discouraged because a Scout is nothing if not "prepared", we were asked to make do with one of the longest because there weren't many tall people in camp. Now it seems folks put a great deal of stock in short little paddles with big square blades and shafts bent to resemble snow shovels.

Actually, when it came to exotic gear old Straight Arrow had it all over these snow shovel boys. One of my favorite cereal box cards illustrated and told about a variety of paddle styles, two of which I just had to try for myself. Two pine boards, my trusty drawknife, and a couple of weeks of spare time created by not doing my history homework were all it took for me to become the proud possessor of a fine pair of paddles. The one from the Northwest was quite angular and painted with very dramatic patterns typical of the Tlingit, according to Straight Arrow. The other was Polynesian, also colorful, and had a spoon blade resembling a Beavertail, but inverted.



Despite the authentic decorations, they both turned out to be inferior to an ordinary beavertail, at least for the type of canoe and the BSA technique typical of a Coyote. Was it time wasted? Well now, you can attend canoe symposiums from Ely to Old Town and they'll tell you nothing about the Tlingit nor those Polynesians. Yep, Straight Arrow was OK.

Our instruction emphasized paddle technique. To qualify for the merit badge a Coyote had to demonstrate ambidexterity in all of the various strokes, particularly the J-stroke. Everyone wanted to be "stern man" and that required a respectable J-stroke, otherwise the bow man would insist on a switch of positions.

When just out for fun nearly everyone occasionally resorted to a straight power stroke followed by a short period of compensating rudder. This was especially true when so fortunate as to have a real brute in the bow who wouldn't notice that the stem was pulling only half as many strokes. I still think this a good long distance technique, regardless of what the bow person says.

A year or so after my initiation I developed a variation of the J-stroke which, according to something I read many years later, is attributed to the Ojibway. It simply involved pushing away with the backside of the trailing paddle blade at the end of the stroke instead of rolling the power face over to the outside and pulling it away from the canoe. Different shoulder and arm muscles are employed. Nobody was much impressed at the time so the "push-away" was abandoned. Having a reputation for not being competent with the J-stroke would deny one opportunities to sit in the stern.

The real test of accomplishment with the J-stroke was to solo paddle from a kneeling position amidship and make the craft turn into the stroke while proceeding around a large circle.

Other commonly used paddle strokes were the power stroke for straight ahead in the bow, the bow sweep to turn away from the side one was paddling, the draw to pull the bow sideways into the stroke, the backpaddle which is obvious, and the bow rudder as a last resort to dodge a rock or log. It's been years since this Coyote has been in a canoe, yet all of these strokes remain fresh in mind.

"Cheerful service to others" was a philosophy our leaders never let stray far from our experience. It was what White Beaver was all about. Around a campfire they sometimes would tell of an outfit from our Council that had gone up north into the Quetico. One particular day had required ten miles of paddling as well as two portages. At dusk someone discovered that a Duluth pack filled with provisions was missing. It must have been left behind at one of the portages. It would have to be retrieved.

Before anyone might place blame for forgetfulness, or determine a democratic means for organizing a crew to go back, two scouts volunteered. Embarking that night in a canoe which, except for a canteen and a spare paddle, was empty, they retraced their route over one portage and on to the first of that day. There they found the missing pack. Without rest they turned to rejoin the group.

Arriving at camp in time for breakfast, the two scouts rested while the others broke camp and loaded the canoes. Then they all set out on another day's journey.

That story might keep the Coyotes awake in the tent that night, wondering whether we would volunteer to do the same. "Whaddaya think, Joe?"

"Heck yes! They must've been sixteen or seventeen! If we were that old we could do it for sure!"

Next day nobody debated whether there might be an easier way to steer a canoe. The guys who went up the Gunflint could J-stroke all day long, and so would we.

One bit of mayhem that didn't make any sense at all in light of the general rules regarding personal safety was a game called "gunnel jumping". I was pleased to see in a recent photo in "Messing About in Boats" that kids still do that. At Camp Bryan a canoeing merit badge was prerequisite. As you've probably guessed, gunnel jumping involves standing erect on the stern deck of a Grumman, flexing one's knees, and pitching the bow by means of a slow jumping motion. One tries to build momentum to a point just short of lifting one's feet from the gunnells, whereupon it is hoped that the bow will emit a magnificent "WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP" while progressing slowly forward. Wooden canoes do not make nearly as much noise.

If one loses one's footing, which is often, one's utmost effort is directed toward a dismount definitely off to one side or the other. This is no place for fence-sitting.

A milder game was canoe jousting wherein two Grummans faced off with a stern paddler for maneuver and a bow man equipped with an eight-foot tent pole padded on the business end with a wrapped towel. The object was to put the other bow man in the water, or even better, capsize the canoe!

Some of the most fun that could be had with a Grumman canoe was the swamping and recovery drill. First of all, 17' Grummans aren't all that easy for a couple of small kids to swamp. We'd rock to and fro, lean way out to one side, and sometimes only succeed in falling out of the craft. The idea was to stand it right up on its beam ends so it would fill completely. Then we'd both get on the same side in the water and roll the canoe upside-down. Since we were using 17 and 19 footers with ends curved well upward, the canoe would float surprisingly high on its air tanks when inverted. This was before styrofoam flotation.

Then we'd both duck inside and holler at each other awhile, because that's what everyone always did. Next we would rock the hull from side to side so the gunnells would clear the surface, just to make sure there was no negative pressure inside, sucking the hull downward any deeper than necessary. Then stationing ourselves near the ends, we'd agree which way to throw it, count to three, give a good frog kick, and heave the craft up and over onto its bottom.

The drill was judged a success if the canoe landed upright with just a thin pool of water inside. Of course we had to climb back in without rolling it over again.

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Camps usually have some sort of uni-
form identification stenciled on their wa-
tercraft. Sometimes this is simply a num-
ber, as was the case with Camp Bryan's
rowing boats and sailing prams. But the
bow of each canoe displayed a crimson
monogram so elegant that I've never lost
my fondness for it. I still keep an old,
much-worn paddle bought at auction just
because of the faded remains of that mark,
which appears at the end of this story.

There were some good people respon-
sible for the quality of our experiences in
canoes. For me four stand out. There was
Bob Eikenberry, advisor to another group
of Explorer (teenage) Scouts, who led the
way to the Gunflint and was a key figure in
TVC's maintaining a base there. And Chief
Council Executive Pop Warner (no connec-
tion to baseball) who made sure resources
were available. Ralph Neimier, Director of
Camp Bryan, whose domain figured much
larger in our lives than the eighty-odd
acres encircled by its fences. And finally,
my Father, always encouraging float trips
down local rivers in preparation for adven-
ture in the Quetico, not just for our Unit,
but for others as yet less accomplished in
canoes and wondering whether they could
really pull it off.

So, did we learn all there was to know
about canoes at Camp Bryan? Certainly
not, however much we might have thought
contrary at the time. The significant thing

in the end was not the paddle technique we
used, but that we did in fact go out and dig
into hundreds of miles of water utterly
without trepidation.

As I said earlier, I wasn't alone. There
were many, including the three Henthorn
brothers in the Silver Fox Patrol, Tim,
Mike, and Mickey, who all became veter-
ans of several treks up the Gunflint Trail;
not exactly "just out-(their) back door"
from Indiana. And Duane DePape who,
among the many fine scouts I've known,
perhaps best personifies an indomitable
spirit of adventure. His last Christmas card
tells of a recent voyage up an uncharted
river in Belize, and of another on an un-
derground (cavern) river, an area where he
is expert. His regular job is patrolling the
mountain ranges of Utah for the Forest
Service.

I bet they still do the J-stroke.



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Building the Mobjack Bay Sculling Skiff

By Dave Gosse

When Alexandria Seaport Foundation's Bill Hunley and Joe Youcha designed a Mobjack Bay Sculling Skiff for Youcha's basic boatbuilding class, they knew they were recording a design that had been in use for as long as 150 years on the lower Chesapeake. Designing the boat came easy to both, but it was left to instructor Youcha and six green students (myself included) to build the actual craft.

As Director of the foundation's Maritime Heritage Center, Youcha is an accomplished boat builder with many craft in his portfolio. Hunley, President of the Alexandria Seaport Foundation, is a distinguished Naval Architect with a personal tie to this design; his family had been building such craft on the lower Chesapeake for more than five generations.

Youcha opened the Seaport Foundation's Boat Building School in December of 1992. Now his classes range from at-risk and learning-disabled children to adults who may have little or extensive woodworking skills, boat handling capabilities, or a smattering of each. I fell into the smattering category, with some sailing experience and some woodworking skills, and was willing to spend my weekends and some week nights for the next two months in an unheated warehouse learning not only the basics of boat building but the individual design attributes of this skiff.

The skiff started, as many boats start, upside down on a strongback. We would be making the stem and transom from white oak, and the flat bottom and carvel planks from white cedar. Cedar stock came either from John England in Urbanna, Virginia, or from Joe's locally gathered collection (tree came down in a storm? need some help getting rid of it?).

Setting the stem and transom was a straightforward task (hindsight, of course, is everything) compared to planking and spiling. Planking and spiling carry, especially for the beginner, the fear that if you mess up, you've ruined a very large, very expensive piece of wood; add to this the nagging thought in the back of your head that large naturally-cut pieces of wood are harder and harder to find, and you get six guys who measure a number of times before they cut. However, Youcha's guidance produced four well-shaped planks, and his knowledge of epoxy application saved the day when the first plank took a 6" split (impossible to find now). The rest of the planking went well, and though seen by many in class as the biggest hurdle, all were able to spile and plank with ease by the last board.

With two planks per side and a flat-bottom layout, the skiff's lines are smooth and gradual, yet straightforward. There is, however, an 18" tuck-up at the stern. Such a sweep looks outlandish during construction, the bottom plank nears 8" width at the stem and almost twice that at a point near the stern, but is pleasing to the eye

and very sensible once the boat is seen right-side-up.

The logic of the sweep becomes clear when reviewing the traditional powerplant. The skiff is powered not by an ordinary sculling oar, but a 14' flexible white oak paddle tapered almost to a point at the end. To get an idea of how the boat moves, think of a tadpole using its tail, the sculler pushes this huge oar against a sternpost until his leverage diminishes, then flips the oar to the opposite side of the post and pulls back (repeat as necessary). One Seaport Foundation member remembers growing up on the lower Chesapeake when this style of sculling was preferred to pulling oars (because of the comparatively minimal effort) and preferred to engines, because of the frugality of the crabbers (fuel is money, labor is cheap).

This is where the deadrise comes in; the sculler stands just before the rise, about 1/3 forward of the transom. Underneath, a skeg carries the depth of the keel all the way to the sternpost. This provides stability and lateral stiffness to keep the bow straight with all the flagellation generated from sculling; the deadrise allows the stern and skeg to remain in the water (tadpoles, by comparison, have round little heads that inefficiently swing the opposite direction of their tail. No wonder they trade up to jumping legs).

We used oak for the ribs and chine logs. The chine logs and later the rails were fastened with traditional rivets. The rivets would pull the respective pieces of wood together but still allow some flexibility where needed. The ribs were fastened with countersunk square-head screws.

Next the flat bottom planks were added with a little sealant (between the planks/chines and the bottom boards only!) and a lot of ring nails. The bottom planks were treated only with linseed oil, not painted or sealed. Being a traditional design, this boat was meant to stay in the water once put there, so that the cedar bottom planks swell to the point of being leakproof. This adds additional stiffness. Taking her in and out of the water would result in the planks expanding and contracting, each expansion never the extent of the last, until an owner could entertain guests with a little fountain show in the floor of the craft.

The keel was attached next with the skeg inserted under the sternmost third. Two equal parallel cuts were made a third of the length of the keel and the skeg was

wedged between the bottom boards and that section of keel. It was held in place with Dupont 5200 epoxy bedding and square-head screws. Then the boat was turned over.

Planking, keel, ribbing, and railing completed, the skiff looks very proper and the tuck-up adds a nice curve to the shape of the boat, tempting for a day of sculling or for any potential owner to fit her with a drop centerboard and sails. The width of the boat, beamy in production, now looks comfortable and trim with the addition of seating. It is obvious at this stage what an accommodating working skiff this would be with a 5' beam and no keelson: the bottom allows for maximum crab trap stacking and easy shovel-the-slop-out cleaning.

The carvel caulking, one seam on each side, went without a hitch with a caulking hammer, three-strand cotton, a coat of red lead, and "Slick Seam" underwater seam sealer. We were able to paint directly over this waxy sealant, and presumably would be able to simply scrape it out when re-caulking is called for.

The finish work begins with epoxy and filler for the countersunk screw holes, especially the trial-and-error holes of a new crew finding out just how much force it takes to break a bronze screw. Rivet ends are rounded and any knot holes are filled. We marked a waterline on the hull and used copper paint below and white primer above. The boat was finished in traditional white planking inside and out, red waterline, and varnished stem and rails.

Overall this boat was an enjoyable challenge to build. For a beginner such as myself, it offered enough design questions to be answered and woodworking problem-solving without intimidation. Throughout the process the wood took to the form well and her lines were pleasing to the eye early on. The finished craft offers a functionally attractive traditional style without pretensions. For its 14' size, the boat is light, it can be moved by two people, and will probably perform well in most seas. Once again, a good boat to build, and an enjoyable family-sized boat for day trips, outings, or even crabbing, if you wish.

Joe Youcha will be offering offsets of the skiff sometime in the near future. For more information on the Mobjack Bay Sculling Skiff, write to the Alexandria Seaport Foundation, 1201 N. Royal St. Alexandria, VA 22314.



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By Tim Bamum

I was introduced to sailing in Rockport, Massachusetts as my grandmother had a home on the ocean in Pigeon Cove on Cape Ann. After watching sailboat races on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, I jumped at the chance when I was about 13 to join, and take sailing lessons at, the Sandy Bay Yacht Club on the T-Wharf. I noticed this modest club referenced in a past issue. This is probably why I have always joined the poor man's sailing club rather than the social "yacht club". At Sandy Bay, I always volunteered to row out to the mooring. We would always try to get crew positions on the weekend races. In thinking over the past I realize that my goal is for everyone who has an interest to be able enjoy rowing and sailing boats and not be constrained by money.

As a kid I used to build boat models from kits and still have about 3 unfinished ones in my closet. I now use those skills in making models of my designs just as Dynamite Payson and Sam Devlin recommend. When I finished graduate school, I bought a new (last year's model at a discount) O'Day Daysailer (1968) even though winter was approaching and raced it for two years on Lake Minnetonka (not at the Minnetonka Yacht Club but at the non-clubhouse, poorer cousin, the Wayzata Yacht Club). Unfortunately, the Daysailer racers switched to the new O'Day Yngling (two person, smaller cousin of the Soling), so I had to switch also.

This event started my boat building avocation. The Yngling was a fixed keel and required a mooring rather than a slip. I needed a dinghy. At the time, one could get free plans from a local plywood distributor for an 8 footer. Even then I couldn't stand to stick with the plans as given. I raised the sides a bit to increase the carrying capacity. It could be consider my "Design 0". I convinced a friend to build it in his basement, and I optimistically thought it would be a one day job including the procurement of the wood from the local lumber dealer. It took a few days more needless to say.

Before finishing it in the former coal bin of my apartment house, I managed to drill a hole in the palm of my girlfriend's hand. She didn't appreciate my comment that she should have known better than to hold her hand where the drill bit would come out and that this is just one of the hazard's of boat construction. This boat taught me that traditional glue, screw and paint construction were not compatible with lumber yard exterior plywood. Towards the end of the sailing season, the boat started to leak through the seams and wood and pick up two or more inches of water in a 10 minute row. In spite of the higher sides, the freeboard was only a few inches and with 4 people this created some anxiety. I later fiberglassed it on the exterior with standard 7 oz cloth but the weight became excessive. When my need for a dinghy ceased, I gave it to a friend.

I also learned the importance of stepping in the middle of the typical almost square side pram. After several trips to the sailboats over many days, the inevitable happened. Two days in a row, two different girl friends managed to step on the side and flip it leaving both of us hanging on



Designs By the Numbers

the side of the Yngling but half in the water. It was fairly easy to haul it aboard the Yngling and dump it out. I'm glad to say that my alertness in this time of crisis kept my camera bag from getting wet, even though my companion and I were not as fortunate.

For many years since that time, I've tried to find happiness in racing and cruising larger boats, mostly Catalina 22's or 27's. However, racing seems too stressful and its a big effort to get it all together to cruise for a weekend. The Chesapeake Bay has a lot of great cruising areas but the harbor areas near Washington are all very crowded. The larger power boats just can't wait to get out on the bay and the frequent random waves tend to destroy the serenity. In an effort to escape the crowds and the heat of the Washington area, we bought some land with water access to the Damariscotta River in Boothbay, Maine.

For a year my design interests were turned towards designing a house suitable for vacations now and retirement later. At least the house value is staying about even compared with boat prices. We couldn't afford to live on the water but bought land with deeded access to a large permanent community dock and immediately installed a mooring for future use. The local builder kept me from making serious mistakes but as its finish was nearing five years ago, I started the design and construction of "Design #1".

I have found that working on boats is often more interesting than sailing them. When I bought my first Catalina 22 in 1976, I decided to make the working jib because it was cheaper and better than the

factory sail. I used the excellent books on making your own sails from Sailrite in Columbia City, IN. I made a number of jibs, a couple of mains and two spinnakers all with these books as guides rather than buying kits already cut or drawn out. In fact have won some race series using jibs I've made.

"Design #1" was to be the all purpose universal dinghy for sailing and rowing with a possible outboard. A vee bottom 10'6" with 5' beam for stability, it was made of AC plywood stitch and glue and sported a lauan foredeck and side decks plus a wide stern seat for two. I bought a two piece aluminum mast at a local boat dealer and added a two foot section from a 2x3 onto the base. Also made boom of an 8' 2x2 and designed and made the sail. I believe I read that one should plan to throw the first boat away. I'm hoping it will find a good home.

Your readers said they'd like to hear of others mistakes so here are a few I learned. Some could have been avoided by more reading in advance. As Grayson's "Dinghy Book" points out, every dinghy should have two rowing stations. Mine only had one and the deck prevented anyone from sitting in the bow. With anyone in the stern, it drags badly and rowing ceases to be fun very soon. There is also little rocker. With a boat 5' wide, even the largest oars I found at Boats US, 6 1/2 feet long were too short. The high sides and deck didn't help. The rowing seat is too low. The oars were at such an angle that my beautiful protecting cord had to be removed from the oars to allow them to fit within the diameter of the oarlocks.

Grayson's book gives some guideline's but what I really recommend is to draw the boat beamwise to scale with oars and yourself in scale also. If the design allows the seat height to wait until the boat is basically constructed, then put some boxes, planks or whatever in it to the seat height you think is right and get in the boat with some oars on dry land and see where the handles end up.

Another problem with the boat was that at 5' wide, it was too wide to roll down the dock on its bottom. My wife and I dragged it up on its side the first year. It takes two strong guys to lift it above the dock handrails. Since then I've devised a two lawnmower wheel dolly to strap to the boat to be able to transport it on its edge. Another thing I learned was that for cartopping a boat, sizes about 14 feet or more are easier because the angle when you lift one end up is a lot less. Once you get one end up on top, the its easy to lift the other end and slide it along.

The bottom line is that there are a lot of things to think about before selecting the boat you buy, build or design and the compromises to make a sail/power/row boat are probably not worth it. However one shouldn't be disappointed if the first design doesn't come out all one wants the first time. The process is fun and a learning experience worth the journey. The only thing you waste unless you are trying to make money at it, is the materials. You can buy a lot of plywood and epoxy for the a year's slip fees.

I actually started "Design #3" which you've already published (May 15th issue) before "Design #2". The goal was to make a boat which was very good at rowing and could be easily transported down the dock to the water. Incidentally, another criteria was to fit under the house through an exterior entrance to the crawl space. Rowing purists would dismiss it for not having a sliding seat, but as one of your recreational rowing (as opposed to racing) enthusiasts pointed out, less energy is consumed in using the arms. My goal was to explore areas by water not to generate exercise. The real stopper is that I didn't want to spend \$300 on a drop-in sliding seat rower. Today I might consider building one such as you have published in past issues.

I couldn't wait to build "Design #3" and I wanted to get on the water, so "Design #2" was a simple under 8 foot single sheet of plywood long pram. I had a piece of 4x8 1/4" yellow pine so used it for the bottom. If I had it to do over again, I'd use lauan and keep the weight down. The transom, sides, bow & seats are all lauan. Lauan frames support the seats at one end and 1x2 (3/4 by 1-1/2 actual) firing strips are the supports at the other end with a vertical in the middle. With two rowing stations and plenty of rocker, I can row my wife with much less effort than needed by "Design #1". A rub rail of 1x1 also serves to stiffen the top sides.

Although I built a model from the cardboard backing of a paper tablet, I decided to see how the bottom and sides fit in full scale. I drew the curve that I wanted the side to take on the full 4x8 bottom sheet and then stood it on its edge by using cement blocks and bricks to hold it up. I bent this sheet to the desired bottom

shape and then measured how deep to make the sides at each point. This approach was not really necessary but I wanted to see if it would work. Simply cutting the bottom to size and then having the sides overlap to be cut off after glassing the seams would work. The transom and bow are only one layer of 5 mil lauan also. The stern is epoxy sealed to the rear seat and without and outboard there's not need for extra weight.

One problem is that I brought the frames which also support the seats up to the top of the sheer line. This makes them vulnerable to chipping when putting it on the rack atop the van. I would glue and epoxy fillet a 1" wide cap on top of the frame edge if I were to do it over. In spite of the heavy bottom, I can hoist this pram on my shoulder and walk it up the dock and stick it in the back of my van. A great boat for ease of taking around quickly to hard to get to places.

"Designs #1, #2 & #3 all have external epoxy tapes and are covered with 2 or 4 oz fiberglass cloth and polyester resin. On the first two I tried coloring the resin with pigment, but the thin coating makes it translucent and somewhat uneven. I've tended to try to tape the cloth in place with no initial resin coating on the wood. This was OK with some bubbles with the 4 oz cloth but the 2 oz was a mess. It was a very finely woven cloth with little room for the bubbles to escape even with the grooved bubble roller. I'm sticking with 4 oz for the time being.

On "Design #3", I painted over the top sides with Sears Super Weatherbeater. I drove the guy crazy trying to match the red I picked. We made two bad color gallons before settling on the one I wanted. In housepaints, anyway, I learned that the primary colors include at least two shades or red besides yellow, black and blue and you have to use the right base. I got a good deal for \$12 and still have enough paint for a few more boats. I used a hardcoat Interlux antifouling on the bottom because it also helped fill in the imperfections in my fiberglass job.

"Design #4" is one I may never build but I carried the drawings far enough to be able to do so. It had some novelties in how to build a larger sailboat which I would prefer to not share unless I build it some day.

"Design #5" is a 13'11" lightweight runabout power boat. I've not built it yet because I still like sailboats better. I have a 5 HP Honda from my factory built Precision 18 sailboat which might drive "Design #5" faster than hull speed. If I build a pure powerboat it will probably be larger so I can go out in the ocean.

"Design #6" is the sailboat I am building now. It started out at 13' 11" to keep it under 14' and minimize annual state registration fees but since I've decided to put a stern deck on it, mounting a motor would mess it up. So, no power, no state registration fees and a longer boat isn't a problem. What really happened is that when I built the 1" to 1 foot model I found I could not twist and bend the 1/32 maple to get the bow shape I wanted and still retain the other frames. So its going to be about 14' 9". The added weight isn't that great and the longer length will make it easier to get on the car top. I've decided this boat will have a name, "Hilma", after my mother and I hope it will have a life longer than hers. When the boat is done perhaps by August, I'll send you some photos and more details.

I like to share things I learn about construction techniques. For example I really believe that lauan is a great material and by being selective about grain patterns and coloring, a beautiful boat can be built. I finish the inside and transom clear but the outsides are glassed and painted so the bad sides are on the outside. I'm looking forward to retirement in a few years and want to expand the time I spend related to boats. I would like to gather together the results of my experiences and write a book about designing and building small boats some day.

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The "Eight Ball"

By Glen L Designs

The "Eight Ball" is a versatile fun boat. Use it with oars, a small outboard motor, or as a sailing dinghy. The compact size makes portage easy, carry it car top or throw it into a station wagon, van, or pickup truck. It's an ideal ship to shore dinghy; tows well and is small enough to fit on deck or davits.

Rigging the "Eight Ball" for sailing is simple. The mast, fully detailed in the plans, is free standing (no stays) and the sail is a simple sock type which slips over the mast. This stable dinghy is an excellent trainer or introduction into sailing for the young in age and heart.

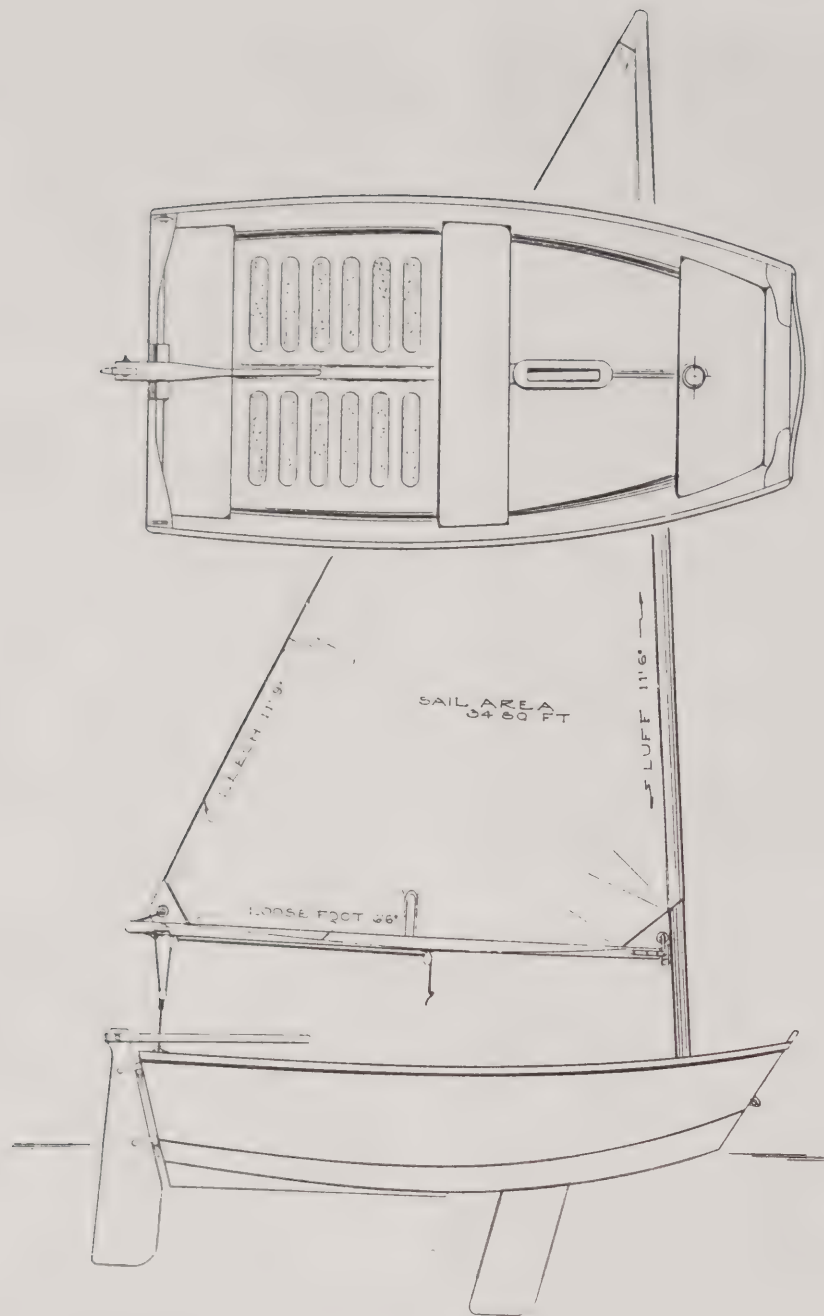
To make construction even easier, Glen-L has a Wooden Parts Kit (WPK) available that contains all the wood parts needed, cut to shape, for building the "Eight Ball". Also available is a stitch-n-glue kit, fiberglass covering kit, sail, rigging and hardware kits, and handy kick up rudder fitting. Glen-L also offers special package prices for those who wish to buy everything at once.

As an added aid, Glen-L has also created a 30-minute video of the actual step-by-step construction of the "Eight Ball" as built in their own workshop. The cost of the plans & patterns are \$35.00, the video is \$16.95. Buy both together and pay only \$49.00 (add \$3.00 if you want air mail).

For further information, contact Glen-L Marine Designs, 9152XMA Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90706 or call (310) 630-6258.

CHARACTERISTICS

Length overall7'-10"
 Beam4'-4"
 Hull depth.....1'-6"
 Sail area.....34 sq. ft.
 Hull weight (approx.).....75 lbs.
 Average passengers.....2
 Hull type: Pram with vee bottom, hard chine, developed for Stitch-n-Glue, sheet plywood construction.
 Sail type: Cat rig with centerboard.
 Power: Outboard motor to 3 HP.



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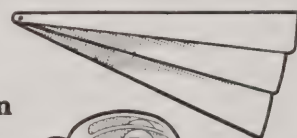
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Springfield Fan Centerboard Co.

By Bob Hicks

Bob LaVertue chose the right sort of name for his family business. Not only does "Springfield Fan Centerboard Company" announce his major product, a shallow draft telescoping fan centerboard made of bronze, but it also elicits the aura of the bygone time when this sort of traditional bronze hardware was routinely fitted in small wooden boat construction. Company names once were typically this matter-of-fact before today's cutesy brand identification logos and acronyms caught on. Since Bob lives in Springfield, Massachusetts, his choice of business name reflects this matter-of-factness.

The unique folding fan centerboard is based on one developed in the late 1800's for sailing canoes known as the "Radex". Manufacturing of that original ceased around 1916. Bob redesigned the concept into a larger simpler design. The slot required in the keel is only 5/8" wide instead of the Radex's 1-1/4". The larger are of board when unfolded provides better windward ability and its 23 pound weight provides low-in-the-boat ballast. The simplification consists of reducing the number of blades in the fan to three, two of them hollow, within which the third blade nests when folded.

The solid bronze unit measures only 7" deep when closed, 18" when open and is 4' long. It requires a case only 7" high inside the boat, which includes the keel thickness, and keel shoe if any. This minimal intrusion into the interior of the sailing canoe was the attraction of the original device. Bob's units have been successfully fitted since 1986 into small boats from 13' to 20'.

Inevitably people who were first attracted to the fan centerboard asked Bob if he could provide other traditional bronze and brass hardware items for small boats, and so he began to expand his product line. His son Scott, who spent much of his boyhood sailing with Bob in his dad's various small boats, including today's 19' Vesper glued lapstrake sailing canoe, came aboard after finishing school to help handle the growing volume of work.

Today's catalog lists items like flagstaff sockets, builder's plates, deck plates, Rushton style cleats, gudgeons and pintles, swiveling masthead blocks, deck-plate blocks, mast band blocks, painter rings, and a drop rudder in two sizes. All are handcrafted in bronze or brass. Bob is ready to develop other custom traditional bronze or brass hardware too. For a copy of his catalog, write to Springfield Fan Centerboard Company, 20 Treetop Ln., Springfield, MA 01118.

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BLOCK ON SPAR

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Specify spar dia.

& single or double block

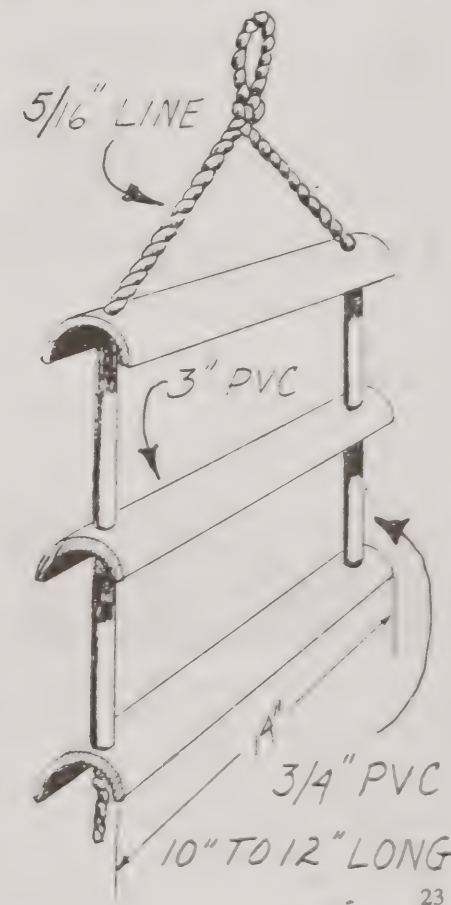
Another Budget Boarding Ladder

The high cost of maintaining a boat and stocking it with even minimal amenities for cruising leads some of us into the challenging realm of creative and ingenious problem solving. In short, how does one acquire what one needs for one's boat at the lowest financial expense, yet without sacrificing quality or safety. One solution is to make whatever you can to fulfill your needs. By now it must be obvious that, like so many, I am trying to sail on a shoe string budget.

So, when my old plastic boarding ladder fell to the earth and shattered and with more pressing boat expense, I just couldn't afford a new one. But I needed a ladder. The solution that I chose was to make an adaptation of a commercially available model.

To make this ladder, you need one ten foot length of 3/4" pvc water pipe, one five foot length of 3" schedule #40 pvc sanitary pipe and enough 5/16" line to accommodate the number of rungs that you choose to make. These materials should cost around \$10.00.

Begin by cutting the 3" sanitary line in half down the middle with a circular saw, band saw or sabre saw. Safety glasses are a must for this part of the project. Then cut these into rungs and drill the ends for the rope. Next cut the 3/4" stock into the lengths that you want for the rung spacing (I made mine 11"). Finally lace the components together and knot the ends. For a slightly fancier version add a strip of non-skid tape to each rung. These ladders fold up into easily stowable bundles and they're so cheap and easy to make that they make great gifts for friends.



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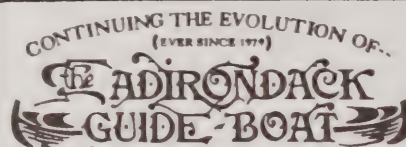


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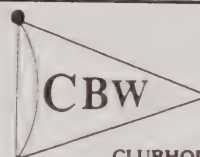


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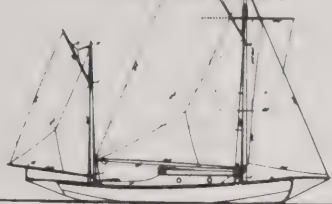
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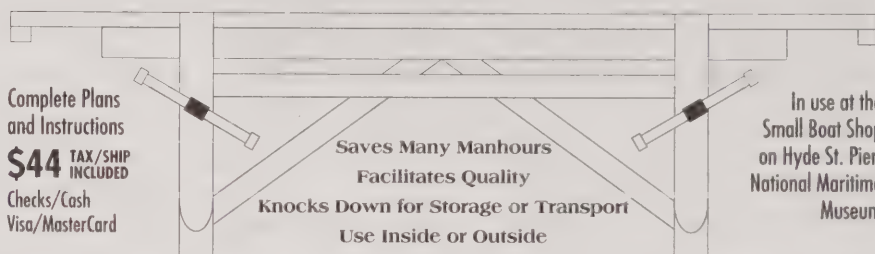


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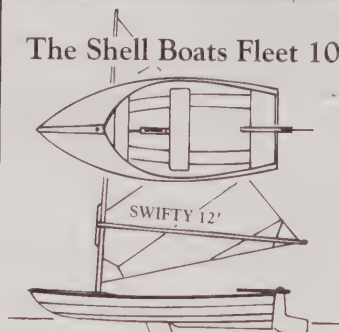
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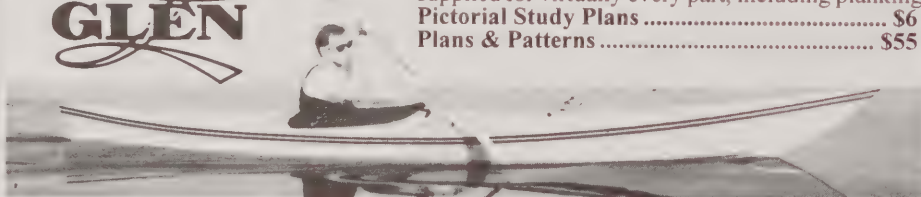


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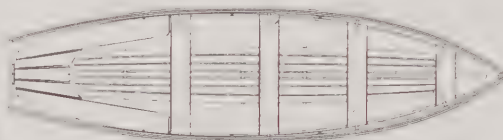
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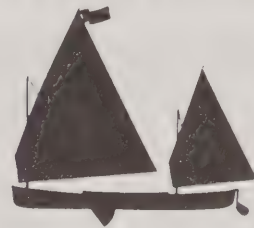
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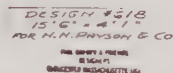
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Dynamite advocates the vertical sides

because they allow the boatman to keep his feet under him as he hauls up to the gunwale. I like it because it produces the sharpest entrance lines and the most bottom area for any given overall dimensions. I keep playing with the idea of using some tumblehome, which would finish in a ram-bow, but there would be some wasted plywood in the side panels, and the plumb sides are hard enough to sell.

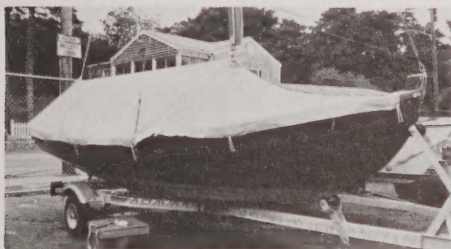


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20' Sharpie, design from Gardner's "Building Classic Small Craft", blt '78. Exc cond. \$750. SHAW BOSWELL, E. Brunswick, NJ, (908) 390-4762. (7)

Laser, late model like new w/dolly wheels. \$2,095. **Starcraft Jonboat** w/live well & Cox galv trlr. Exc. \$800. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (7)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy please type or print clearly your ad copy. Mail to "Boats", 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA, 01984. Please no telephoned ads.

(Starting with the August 1, 1994 issue, I have revised the ad format by using **bold print** for each boat/item advertised to better highlight them for ease of locating your needs.)

23'6" Bolger Light Schooner, 5' beam, open unballasted daysailer w/traditional schooner rig. On trlr, tow w/compact car. Perf, always stored indrs. Turns heads everywhere. Must sell! \$2,900. Will deliver. SASE for details. C. ANDREWS, P.O. Box 3135, Kent, OH 44240, (216) 678-3010, lv msg. (7)

19' Rhodes Keel Sailboat, 4.5hp Mercury OB, all equipmnt, well kept. \$2,000. JAYLENE SUMMERS, Kennebunkport, ME, (207) 985-7412. (7)

16' Gloucester Light Dory, blt '93, 1/4" marine ply on 1/2" bottom, bronze fastenings, top cond. Nds gd home. \$600. Winslow Womack, 7049 Pea Neck Rd., St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-9589. (7)

'55 Chris Craft Runabout, recently restored, 20hp Johnson OB. A classic boat. \$1,500. WINSLOW WOMACK, 7049 Pea Neck Rd., St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-9589. (7)

Capri 14.2 Sloop Daysailer. Save \$1,600 on boat used only 6 times in fresh water. New trlr incl. \$2,900. RICHARD HARRIS, Grafton, MA, (508) 839-4765. (7)

19' Cape Dory Typhoon Weekender. I bought a Stonehorse by accident while my wife was in Alaska so now my Typhoon (featured in the Editor's "Commentary" in bygone issues) is for sale. All gussied up, in the water. \$3,500. PAUL SCHWARTZ, Salem, MA, (508) 744-0445. (7)

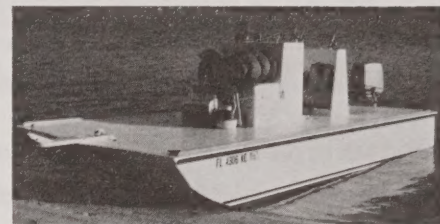
15' Sailboat in vy nice cond. \$795. PETER WATTERS, Cambridge, MA, (617) 492-0483. (7)

60 Sq Ft Sail for Bolger Brick, Cartopper, Teal, etc. Never used. \$140. JIM MICHALAK, Lebanon, IL, (618) 537-2167. (7)

Nimble 20 Yawl, tropical version. '88 w/galv trlr, 5hp Honda, tanbark sails & 155% genoa. FG hull w/plenty of teak, bronze & brass. Salon cabin doors, painted spars, teak grate. 5 opening ports w/screens. Indoors winters, covered seasons. Seeking \$9,800. CHARLIE & RUTH ELLEN PEARSALL, Binghamton, NY, (607) 648-4541 aft 3pm. (7)

Montgomery 15 Sailboat w/trlr, Honda OB, porta potti, anchor, sails. Keel/CB, exc daysailer/microcruiser. Exc cond. Poss delivery. Asking \$3,000. E. BRADEN, Melbourne Beach, FL, (407) 727-0770. (7)

20' Ensenada Sailboat, Lyle Hess design, swing keel, trlr. \$3,000. **8' Wooden Pram**, John Gardner design V-bottom, homemade sail rig, sail torn. \$250. **Gaff Sail** for 17' catboat. \$20. ERNEST JONES, 14 Park Ln., Niantic, CT 06357, (203) 739-0016. (7)



16' Koeck Kat Flats Boat. Professionally blt WEST System throughout. Factory fresh rblt Evinrude 70hp, custom galv trlr. A fast, stable, unsinkable family camping, fishing, party boat. For get the pontoon boat, buy this! Have \$7,500 in receipts, asking \$4,500 OBO. May take Oldshoe or similar small sailboat in part trade. Charles Akers, Orlando, FL, (407) 658-0622 eves. (7)

Beetle Cat #1593. Blt '74, restored '92. 3 new planks, recaulked & payed, new spars & rigging, new sail, compl deck job. Not in water since restored, nds a new owner. Asking \$4,750. STEVE SMITH, Eastham, MA, (508) 255-8226, 6-7am or 5-9pm wklys or wknds. (7)

14-1/2' Laser Skiff, sliding seat rowing boat. Row as single or double. Incl 2 sets 9-1/2' oars, seats, foot stretchers, removable riggers galv trlr. Holds 3 adults. Like new. \$2,700, partial trades considered. Delivery poss. DON CURRY, Topsham, ME, (207) 725-6914. (7)

16' FG Gloucester Gull 2 rowing stations, mahogany trim, exc cond, designed by Phil Bolger, made by Edey & Duff. Fast, seaworthy, classic lines. Located in Mattapoisett, MA. Asking \$850. ROCKY KEITH, Carlisle, MA, (617) 973-6880 days, (508) 369-7953 eves. (7)

16' Whitehall Mold, lapstrake in black gel to Chapelle's lines. \$6,750. MOLDS, 20805 Mullan Rd., Frenchtown, MT 59834. (7P)

Victoria 18, grt cond, main, jib, genney. Slps 2, w/trlr, Harken hrdwre. Neg \$2,850. OWEN HARRANJE, New York, NY, (508) 285-6726. (6)

10' FG Sailing Dinghy w/rudder, daggerboard, spritsail. \$900 as is. DOUGLAS BUCHANEN, Andover, MA, (508) 474-0332. (6)

Fleet Sale: Cape Dory 14, classic heavy FG daysailer, gaff rig, telescoping mast, CB, white, blue inside, wood seats, on trlr. \$1,100. **Dyer 9.5 Sailing Dinghy**, FG white w/mast, sails, rudder, daggerboard, oars, cartoppable or fits into station wagon. \$850. **18' FG Sea Kayak**, barebones. \$350. **Klepper Sea Kayak**, folding double, gray hull, blue canvas deck, exc cond, rudder, sailrig w/leeboards, cockpit cover, 2 adj length Dagger paddles. \$2,000. **Klepper Sea Kayak**, folding single, gray hull, blue canvas deck, paddle, exc cond. \$1,200. In Asheville, NC. SUSAN SCHMIDT, Asheville, NC, (704) 253-6478. (6)

18' Herreshoff America Catboat w/galv trlr. Well found w/many extras incl Yamaha 9.9 electr start OB, 2 suits sails, 1 w/flag insignia, other plain white. One owner. Ready to sail immediately. \$9,000. Located S. Orleans, MA. WILLARD ENTEMAN, Providence, RI, (401) 831-1242 or (508) 240-7866. (6)

Rhodes 19 Sloop, classic daysailer w/huge cockpit. Vy stable fin keel model in gd cond, 2 sets sails, spin-naker, cockpit & winter covers, 4hp Evinrude. In Mystic, CT ready to launch & sail. Asking \$1,750. TED PARKER, Riverside, CT, (203) 698-2846, lv message. (6)

12-1/2' Bolger Bobcat Sailboat, custom blt '89, used vly little. Exc cond, selling for health reasons. \$1,500 incl trlr, or BO.
RICHARD GARNJOST, Easton, PA, (610) 258-4223. (6)

15' Whitehall, custom blt of duralight & epoxy, w/ sail rig & oars. \$1,700. **9' Swedish Sailing Pram**, varnished Bristol cond, new sail, fitted cover, new Shaw & Tenney oars. \$2,000 OBO.
RAY STRICKLAND, Box 101, Palm Beach, FL 33480, (407) 743-1889. (6)

Sailfish MK II, green & white sail, beach dolly incl. \$350.
HERB KRUGMAN, Stamford, CT, (203) 327-5226, Mon-Thurs aft 5pm. (6)

Appledore Pod Rowboat, 16' Alden peapod, FG w/ mahogany trim. Oarmaster sliding seat rowing rig & wooden oars, galv trlr. All like new cond. Located Mystic, CT. Asking \$1,500. Also available Alden Oarmaster rig w/exercise pistons. \$300.
TED PARKER, Riverside, CT, (203) 698-2846 lv message. (6)

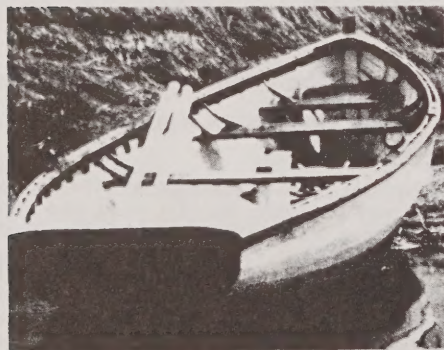
Beetle Cat, '75 in gd cond, w/sail cockpit coers, anchor, etc. One owner. \$2,500 OBO.
HARRY MOTE, Barnegat, NJ, (609) 660-0100. (6)

Bolger Microtrawler, fir marine ply & mahogany ply cabin, Versatex & epoxied bottom, motor controls & Teleflex helm, SS sink, anchor, fenders, trlr. No motor. Must sell, new baby. \$3,500.
TONY MC GARRY, 2200 NE 88th St. #13A, Seattle, WA 98115, (206) 527-9285. (6)

Coast Guard Surfboat Conversion, cabin & transom added. W/25hp Johnson. \$1,500.
GEORGE PALFREY, Duxbury, MA, (617) 934-5147. (6)

Old Town Canoe, wood/canvas, 1920-40(?) never been restored, sound cond. Asing \$165.
EARLE ROBERTS JR., 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457. (6)

Classic Beetle Cat #1389, exc cond, recently refastened w/bronze, recaulked & repainted traditional colors. Ready to sail, w/trlr & all gear. \$5,000.
JOHN TOWNSEND, Deep River, CT, (203) 526-3896. (6P)



11'6" HERRESHOFF DINGHIES, rowing/sailing (Columbia lifeboats). Three available. Exc rowing & sailing qualities. Traditional construction, cedar on oak. Incl spars, sails, rudders, daggerboards. All three in newly blt cond.
DAN SECOR, Brewster, MA, (508) 255-5925. (6)

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CLUBHOUSE BOATWORKS, Harwood, MD, (410) 798-5356.

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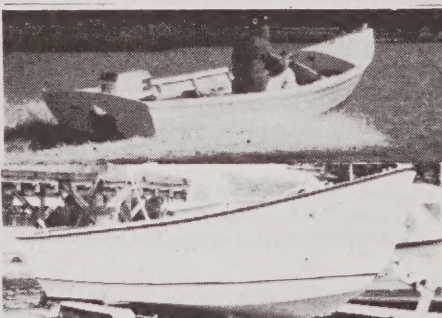
as simply messing about in boats.

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'47 14' SEBAGO BOAT w/46" beam. Blt by Sebago Boat & Canoe Co., Portland, ME. A rare classic & collector's boat that features wood/canvas construction & has 36" transom for mounting OB. Powered by '57 Johnson Sea-Horse 5-1/2hp OB. Comes w/ 1969 Orbit trlr, boat cover, oars, oar locks & anchor. Stored in barn & in gd shape inside & out. Currently registered. \$1,500 or BO.
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BOOKS/PLANS FOR SALE:

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Parting Out Marine Library. Also excess boat blueprints. All in prime cond, all exc values, but must go. Send for list.
JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terrace, Framingham, MA 01701, (508) 872-4206. (7)

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OLD SALES LITERATURE, boats & OB motors, and pre-'60 boating magazines.
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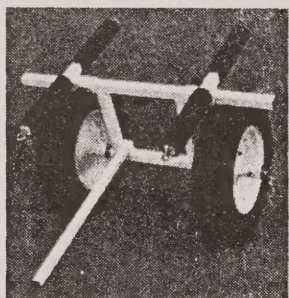
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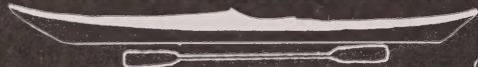
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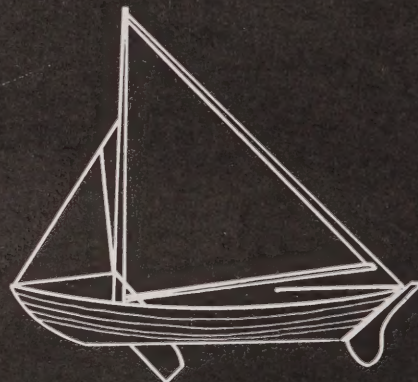
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